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HIGH TIMES

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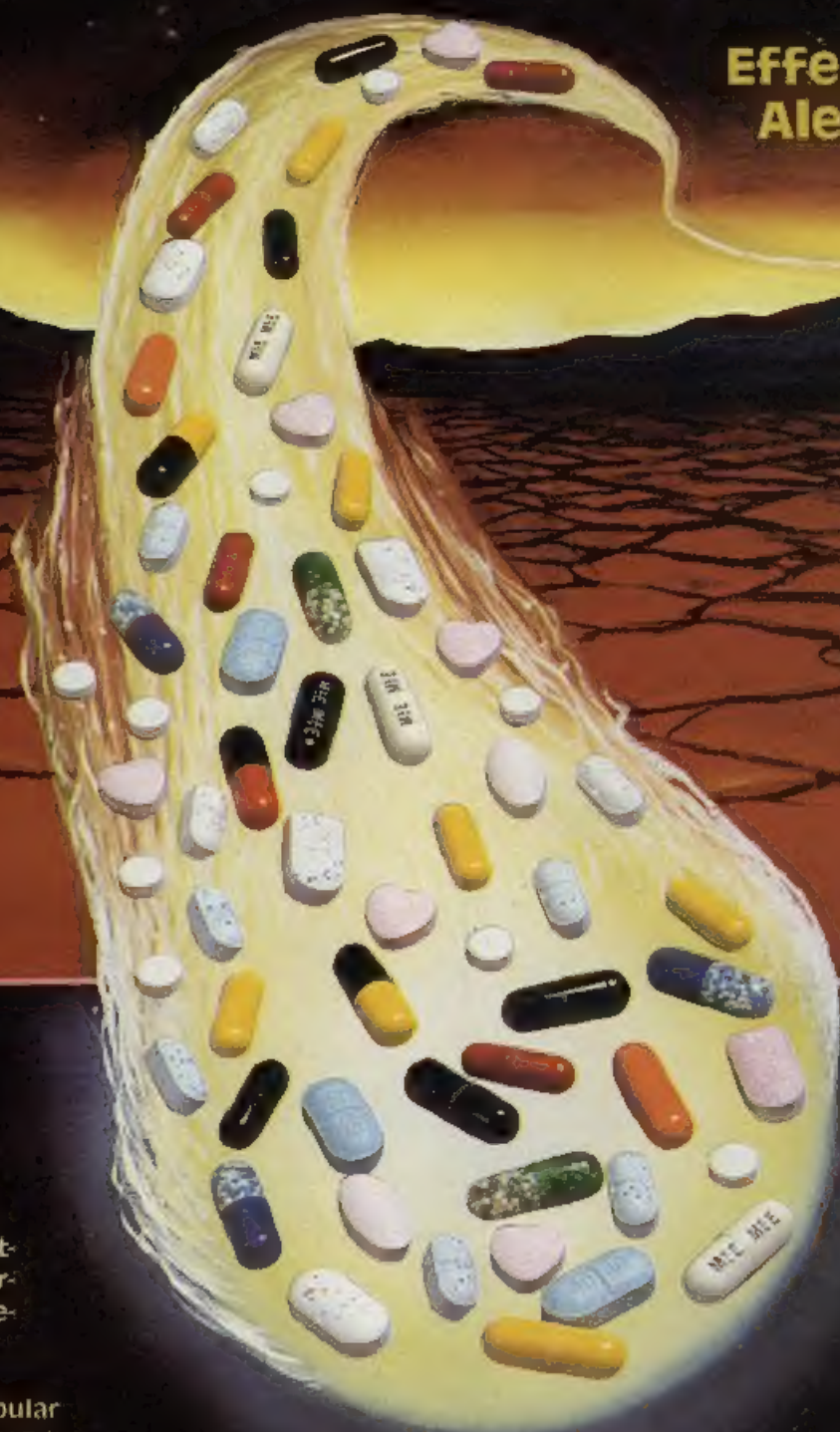
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HIGH TIMES

No. 117

May '85

FEATURES

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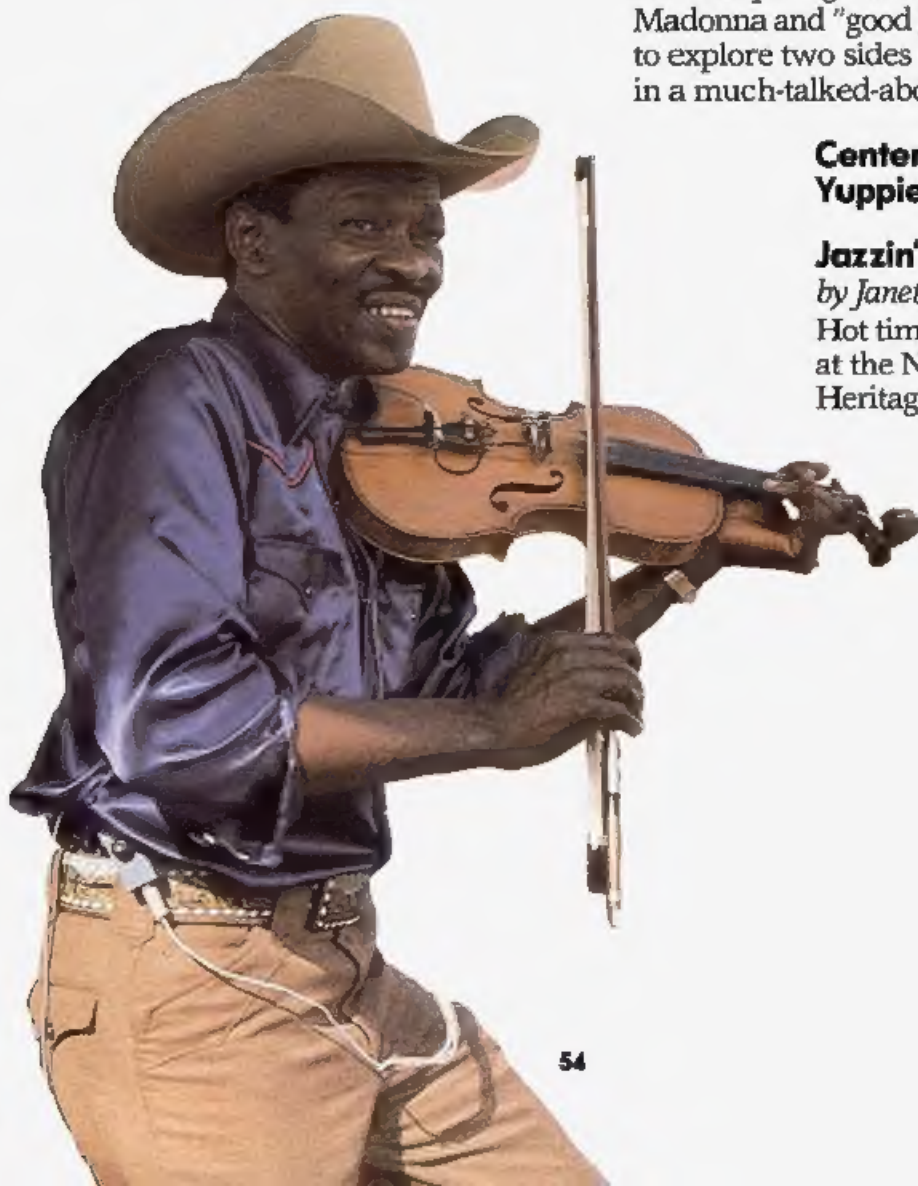
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Cover: Photo by Herb Ritts

Editor's Note



"In America, circa 1985, cocaine is *everywhere*," reads the introduction to our March cover story, "Cocaine '85: The Pleasures and Perils of the All-American Drug." Little did we know when we sat down to plan that article in December just how right we would be three months later when, the day that **HIGH TIMES** March issue hit the stands, both *Time* and *Newsweek* featured cocaine on their covers. It's not often that a monthly magazine with a three-month lead time can be as topical as a weekly newsmagazine, but then, there is no other magazine as tuned in to our times as **HIGH TIMES**.

While *Time* and *Newsweek*, and the March issue of the science magazine *Discover* (a Time Inc. publication) resorted to a predictable yellow-journalism approach to the subject, **HIGH TIMES**' story gave a balanced, authoritative view that is in keeping with our credo of presenting the *only* unbiased, in-depth coverage of psychoactive substances.

Compare cover lines. "Cocaine '85," reads **HIGH TIMES**, "The Pleasures and Perils of the All-American Drug." Our cover line neither glorifies nor vilifies the drug. It simply and succinctly states both sides of the issue. (By the way, the "All-American Drug" moniker is not a **HIGH TIMES** fantasy—it's a phrase coined by James D. Harmon, Jr., head of Reagan's Commission on Organized Crime.) On the other hand, *Time*'s

cover screams, "Cocaine Wars, South America's Bloody Business." *Newsweek* is even more sensationalistic: "The Evil Empire," it threatens, in a headline worthy of a tabloid scandal sheet.

But *Discover* is the most irresponsible. Their cover shows a small mound of cocaine next to a razor blade and two lines of coke. "This amount of cocaine," the cover warns, "can make you feel that you're brilliant, tireless, masterful, invulnerable, and that you're going to live forever." Then the punchline: "It can also kill you." That a science magazine would show such a blatant disregard for the truth as to claim that a small amount of cocaine "can kill you" is ridiculous. There may be a few people for whom even a small dose of cocaine could prove lethal, just as there are people who would suffer similar severe reactions to say, aspirin. But that was clearly not the message of *Discover*'s cover.

But the "can kill you" claim pales in irresponsibility next to the patently absurd claims made in the preceding sentence. Can cocaine *really* make you feel "brilliant, tireless, masterful, invulnerable, and that you're going to live forever"? Maybe it has that effect on the editors of *Discover*, but for the vast majority of cocaine users the drug produces a mild euphoria. Compare the *Discover* hyperbole with this sentence from **HIGH TIMES**: "What passes for

a 'rush' after snorting cocaine is a relatively gentle escalation of mood." Our article went on to warn readers of the truly ominous perils of free-basing—which is the *real* cocaine menace today, one that is shamefully underreported in the mainstream media—and to caution readers that "if you're going to try it once, you could do worse than to try it in this fashion [snorting], and *never* in any other fashion."

This is the kind of rational, balanced drug information that has made—and continues to make—**HIGH TIMES** the *only* media source for *reliable* information about drug use and abuse. **HIGH TIMES** has sometimes been criticized for presenting "irresponsible" information about drugs. *Nothing could be further from the truth*. When the **HIGH TIMES** March cover story, "Cocaine '85" is compared with the sensation-mongering cover stories in *Time*, *Newsweek* and *Discover*, you'll find out the truth not only about cocaine, but also about the media misinformation foisted upon an unsuspecting public by the "legitimate" press. You'll also know why hundreds of thousands of men and women turn to **HIGH TIMES** every month for the truth.

From on high,

Daniel Harrison

Senior Editor

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LETTERS

Who's On Top?

I disagree with the article in your February issue about ZZ Top ("Ridin' High With ZZ Top"). How can you really say "after all these years, ZZ Top has become hip"? ZZ Top has always been hip!

—Ridin' High
Kalamazoo, Mich.

ZZ Top does not have a sense of humor: they suck. Elvis Lives!
—Frankfurt, Ky.

Buke's Bad Rep

Why haven't you published any Charles Bukowski in the past few months? His work hasn't appeared since the summer and I bought HIGH TIMES just to read that great fucking genius.

—Vera Moreno
Linden, N.J.

You'll have to address your complaints to Bukowski himself. A few months ago he informed us that we can no longer publish his stories—his agent claims it's bad for his literary reputation. So, we guess you can find him in more pristine publications capable of adding some shine to his tarnished rep—check out the skin mags for his byline.—Ed.



What a Hunk!

I liked all the comics in the February issue. Will you be printing Mark Marek's Hercules in every issue?

—Stan Bowen
Buffalo, N.Y.

Yes, the January '85 issue inaugurated our *Funny Papers*—you can catch all your fave strips every month.—Ed.

Numbers Add Up

I noticed that in January and again in February, the Market Quotations have shrunk. Does this mean there's less business going on out there? I also noticed that for the first time in many months, the figures changed. What do you guys know that we out here in the sticks don't?

—Larry Burford
Counting in the Country

It's great to know readers sometimes notice. After some doldrums, we have completely revamped the quotes to bring them up to date. This involved "re-wiring" our network of contacts to get more varied, reliable and current information. As you'll notice in this issue, the quotes are now built back up to full strength.—Ed.

Mind Simple

Your newly revised review format (Feb., '84: "Music," "Film," "TV," "Books") feels vaguely promotional—not quite objective, straightforward, or high-minded. Even some of the headlines seem to be offering a kind of low-level advice of their own, suggesting subliminal manipulation of the gullible reader's mind: "Vice Is Right," "Gore for Grown-Ups," "Turn On, Tune In, Cop Out."

/ continued on page 12

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Who Ya Gonna Call?



Real ghostbusters don't get slimed! That's the motto of the Parapsychology Institute of America, the nation's leading ghost-hunting organization. Among the far-out facts about ghosts that the PIA has uncovered:

- There are 13 types of phenomena commonly referred to as ghosts.
- 85 percent of ghosts appear within one-half mile of a body of water.
- 50 percent of those in the ghost-busting business are phonies.

• The most popular areas for ghost-busting are Georgia, Tennessee, California, Colorado, Texas, Florida, Pennsylvania, New England, New York, Michigan, Illinois and Ohio.

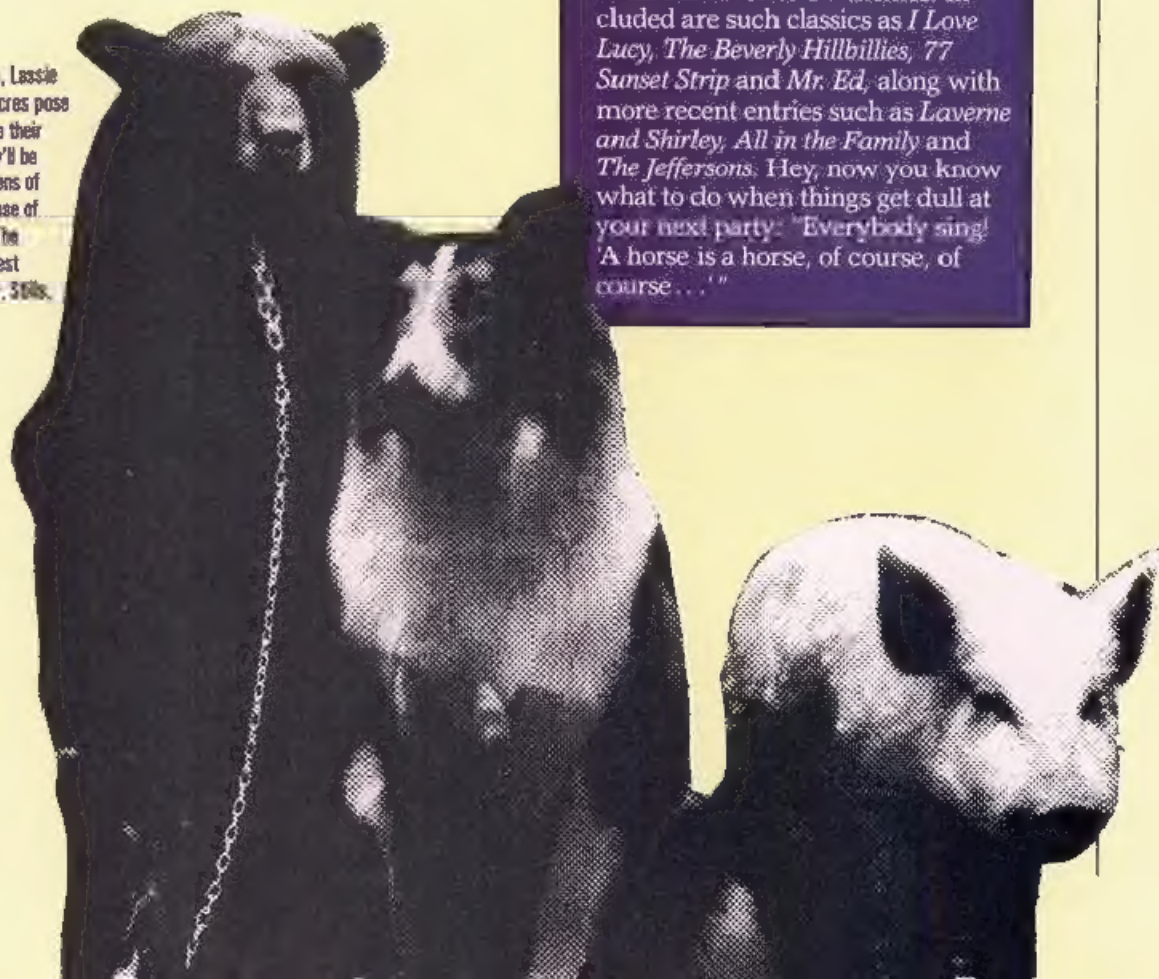
Though the PIA researchers don't get slimed, they have been hit, pushed and nearly killed by spooks, or so they claim. If you've got an unwanted spirit hangin' around, contact PIA at P.O. Box 252, Elmhurst, NY 11373.

Name That Tune!

Okay, contest fans, this one's for you. The first reader to identify the TV theme song depicted in the music below wins a deluxe High Times T-shirt. Judge of this contest will be your friendly Flashes editor, who once appeared on the TV game show *Name That Tune*. Please include T-shirt size on your entry and mail it to Flashes Tune Contest, High Times, 17 W. 60th St., New York, NY 10023.



ANIMAL ACT: Gentle Ben, Lassie and Arnold from *Green Acres* pose for publicity stills to hype their upcoming rock tour. They'll be playing pumped-up versions of their TV themes, plus those of friends such as *Mr. Ed*. The TV trio could be the hottest supergroup since Crosby, Stills, Nash and Bozo.



Themes Like Old Times

Few things are more firmly implanted in our memories than the theme songs from old TV shows. But sometimes—heaven forbid!—we can't remember all the words. Now comes *The TV Theme Song Sing-Along Book* (St. Martin's Press, \$5.95), with words and sheet music to all our favorite TV themes. Included are such classics as *I Love Lucy*, *The Beverly Hillbillies*, *77 Sunset Strip* and *Mr. Ed*, along with more recent entries such as *Laverne and Shirley*, *All in the Family* and *The Jeffersons*. Hey, now you know what to do when things get dull at your next party: "Everybody sing! A horse is a horse, of course, of course..."

Video Game is a Royal Pain in the Ass

A new British video game called "Di's Baby" is causing a sensation in England—and a big stink in Buckingham Palace. The game opens with a sequence called "Joy of Parenthood" wherein Prince Charles dodges dirty diapers and gets hit in the head with a potty full of poo-poo. In Part 2 "The Conception" Charlie dodges cots and nannies in order to jump Diana's bod in bed. In yet another phase, Diana is in the hospital for the birth of her second child, and players must try to save her from a spinal injection. "We are horrified," snuffed a spokesman for the royal family. The company that markets the game is called Bad Taste Software. We can't imagine why.



Illustration by Jeff Wong



This artsy graffiti was spotted on a wall in New York City.

Photo by Charles Gatewood

Killing You Softly With His Songs

Lovers of fine music and mass murder will be pleased to know that would-be pop star Charles Manson is back in the recording biz. Yes, even prison walls cannot confine the talent of the Tate-LaBianca murder mastermind. And thanks to the efforts of Massachusetts lawyer David Grossack—who but a lawyer would get involved in such a sleazy enterprise?!—Manson's new music will soon be available for public consumption, or revulsion, depending on your point of view.

Grossack says Manson's music is "filled with passion, emotion and a concern for the human condition." We think Grossack is filled with concern for a fast buck.

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We incorrectly identified the writer of February's Grow American column. "Spring Harvests" was written by Ed Rosenthal.

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Seattle's Tarnished Emerald

by Matthew Stadler

WHEN I WAS growing up, when the Seattle Totems ruled the cellar of the Pacific Coast Hockey League, when outdoorsmen shopped in hardware stores and led their sodden families deep into the woods, before Eddie Bauer's, before the KIRO Newsjet, Seattle sat obscurely in the damp northwest corner of the map, noted only for its World's Fair and the loss of the supersonic airplane contract.

Seattle was "the Queen City" and that was enough. But now the Chamber of Commerce, intoxicated by national press attention proclaiming Seattle's cosmopolitan virtues, worries that the title of "Queen City" does the town an injustice. Seattle is no aging dowager, no pompous monarch, and she certainly isn't a "flaming queer." The new Seattle is a sparkling jewel, magical, modern and capricious. The new Seattle is "the Emerald City," or so the Chamber has declared.

In the Emerald City, healthy young professionals dressed in weather-proof fashions from R.E.I. walk to

work from their scenic downtown condos—no doubt, to well-paying positions in some socially responsible enterprise. Or, perhaps, they carpool in from the exploding cities of Bellevue or Redmond, municipalities whose endless suburban tracts are beginning to crawl up the foothills of the Cascades.

Distinguished groups hold national conferences in the Emerald City, attracted by commodious hotels, top-notch facilities and a safe downtown. The baseball team wears sky-blue pajamas and plays under a concrete dome.

DUSK FALLS on the Emerald City as the sun moves into the jagged rim of the Olympic Mountains. The long waters of Puget Sound turn golden and then go dark. The soft lights atop downtown's towering complexes—the Columbia Center, the Sea-First Building, the Federal Building—beckon safe passage to jets from London, New York, San Francisco, all bearing exotic travelers into Henry M. Jackson International Airport (in the Queen City

we called it SeaTac). Young couples, their bellies full of fresh salmon, organic chard and creamy gelatto, stroll through Belltown on their way to the stylish night-spots of Second Avenue. But take off your blinders, visitors to Oz, and you will still find glimpses of the Queen City. Growing like an ancient lichen on the dark underside of some Sierra calendar cedar, "lesser Seattle" continues to thrive in the shadow of Greater Seattle's growing international reputation.

WHEN DISEMBARKING at SeaTac, don't take the limo to downtown, take the No. 174 Metrobus. It may even bend in the middle and for just 75¢ you have a wide choice of seating. Wipe the foggy condensation off the cold window and take a look at south Seattle. The flatland off either side of U.S. 99 is populated with fast food joints, cheap motels and industrial wonders to rival Baltimore's.

That's Boeing Field behind all that barbed wire. Stretch your neck and you may catch a glimpse of the Stealth bomber, the AWACS or something equally frightening. No pictures, please; local police will gladly open a surveillance file on you, as they did for 59-year-old Lena Kaplan after she sent a letter to the local paper asking for more public discussion of military spending. Another radical under investigation was listed "modus operandi: advocate of various Third-World causes." So watch yourself, Seattle retains much of its small-town charm.

The No. 174 continues north across an unlikely valley here in

(continued on page 59)



● The Space Needle

Behind the shining Oz of the New Seattle lurk traces of the old Queen City

Ask Cookie Mueller

OKAY. THIS IS SERIOUS. I'm mad. I'm angry. As a health advisor, I've been watching a lot of sick people and I've come to believe one thing

more than any other. It's a secret that very, very few Western doctors practice or were taught in medical school.

HIGH ADVISOR

The key to this secret of health and wellbeing is the knowledge that the body and the

mind (or soul) can't be separated. Believe it or not, a person doesn't really get sick because of rampant attacks of "germs." A person usually gets sick because of emotional stress, traumas, depressions and disappointments. How many times have you seen a person who has a generally poor attitude and outlook on life be very healthy? And when they do get sick, they usually don't recover easily. How many times have you seen a friend who has just lost a partner or a job or a friend or his new VCR go into a severe downward spiral of sickness? I've seen it lots.

Now, because an American has been raised to believe in the separation of mind and body, he will always seek the overprescription of drugs, or hospitalization, or surgery to get well. Westerners haven't been taught that health is a very personal responsibility. It's not our fault, but now it's time to relearn and rethink.

It's time to learn about holistic medicine. It's time to take responsibility for our own happiness, which in turn leads only to health.

THIS FIRST LETTER is from an astrologer and it illustrates my point about not separating the mind and body

*Dear High Advisor,
I'm an astrologer and I'm beginning*

to notice something as far as sickness is concerned. The first thing that led me to think about this is when one of my clients was just separated from his girlfriend who is a double Libra. Not long after the separation he started experiencing trouble with his kidneys. Since Libra rules the kidneys, I took a wild stab at trying to suggest a cure for the pain he was in. I told him to be with the girl, no matter what. He quit his job and moved to where she was and the kidney problem cleared up with a little cranberry juice and her.

I started to look into this a little more and found that when people have organ problems, it always has something to do with the governing ruler of the particular organ. Now what do you have to say about this? Well, smartie?

*—Frank the Astrologer
Gary, Indiana*

Well, well, well. You have just illustrated a point for me, although this is a bit farfetched, I think. It's all in what you believe. If you believe this is true, then it is. You're the astrologer, not me. You probably live by the rules of astrology, so for you this belief unquestionably works.

I suppose this would fall into the category of holistic health, although it's a very wide stretch. In my knowledge, I would say that this guy got better simply because he was with the person he loved and love cures all, doesn't it? What do you think of that, wise guy?

P.S. The cranberry juice certainly didn't hurt anything either, since pure unsweetened cranberry juice alone can not only benefit the kidneys, but can sometimes dissolve stones.

*Dear High Advisor,
I know this sounds premature, or maybe even paranoid, but if I were*



taken to a hospital unconscious, maybe even dying or brain dead, how do I stop them from hooking up the respirator? If I or someone I loved were hooked up, how do you get it turned off when it's clear that the victim is really dead? I know this sounds morbid, but you never know, and I'd like to know now.

*—Breathless
Buffalo, NY*

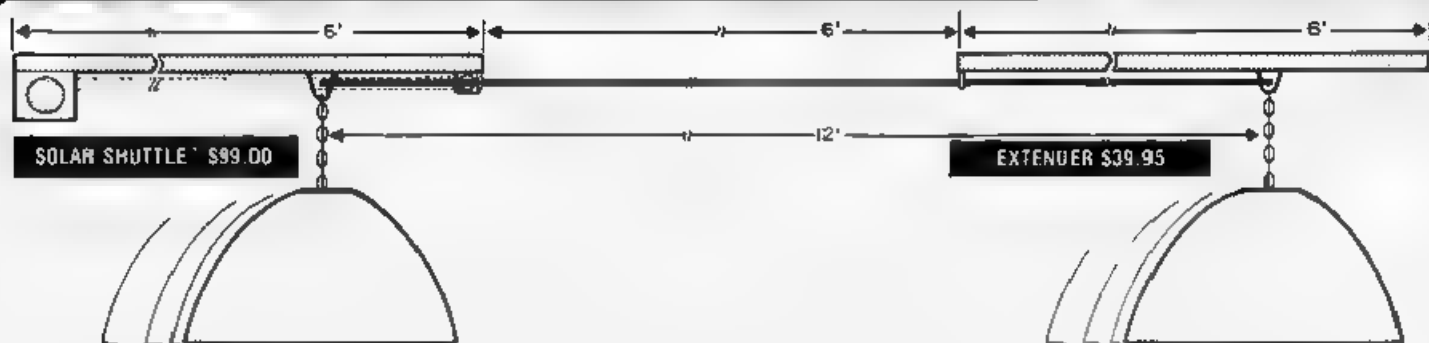
Here we have a very personal issue. One no longer needs a court order in every case to have a life-sustaining apparatus unhooked, but the decision depends on the individual doctor. If it's a family doctor who is compassionate and knowledgeable, she or he will use the best judgement in the situation; if it involves total brain death she or he will often quietly pull the plug. Now perhaps the wording of this letter is unclear but if you were merely unconscious and taken to a hospital, you wouldn't want any unplugging done. If your EEG reads almost flat, it's difficult to determine just how brain dead someone really is.

Plug-pulling is technically

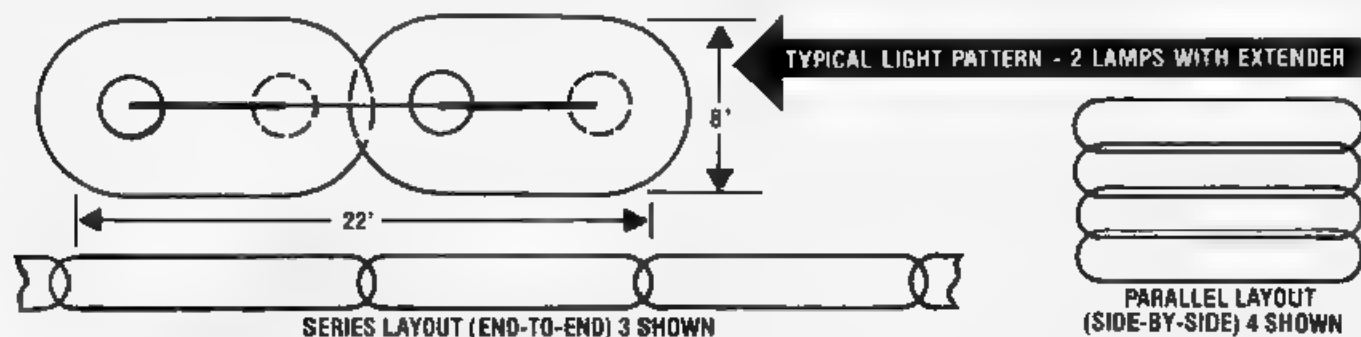
/ continued on page 68

A mind/body approach to holistic health and happiness; pros and cons of pulling the plug

Aqua Culture, Inc. INTRODUCES "THE EXTENDER" NOW, MOVE TWO LAMPS WITH ONLY ONE 1/250 HP MOTOR



At Aqua Culture we feel that a light system should give you the most for your money. You can get the most from your system with a Solar Shuttle™ motorized track, which moves your lamp quietly and efficiently back and forth above your plants on the 6-foot track in 40-minute cycles, providing light equal to that of three stationary lamps. The \$99.00 Solar Shuttle™ (Patent No. 4,441,145) now has a \$39.95 extender which can be adapted to all Solar Shuttles now in use. With the Solar Shuttle™ and the Extender, two lights run in tandem on their respective 6-foot tracks spaced up to 6' apart. This will give coverage of 12' to 22' long by 8' wide. Now, move two lights for the price of running one 1/250 HP motor.



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Satellite Tray, \$135

If you're going to spend money and energy on a hydroponic garden, why not do it right the first time? We've spent years designing the ultimate hydroponic system (patent pending) -- one with the features and qualities of a commercial unit at a size and price to suit you.

Our professional-quality growing system is bigger than others currently available, and it's expandable. One power tray can run up to five satellite trays for a total of six trays to fill a 10' x 30' room. Each tray is 6' long and 1' wide, which can hold 12 to 20 plants per tray. The hydroponic system allows you to germinate and propagate your plants right in the trays; it automatically waters and feeds plants on whatever schedule you determine, and it even refills itself as the nutrient solution evaporates or is absorbed by plants.

This hydroponic system has so many technical advances we can't begin to tell you all the advantages in this ad.

Clear 1000-W metal halide bulb (125,000 lumens)	\$55.00
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HYDROPONIC PLANT FOOD - 100% water-soluble complete with 12 trace elements. 1 pound treats 100 gallons of water, use only one teaspoon per gallon. 25 lb bags.	
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Art + Commerce = \$\$\$

by Robert Seidenberg

JAMES MOFFAT DIDN'T BET any more money on the Super Bowl this year than last, although the revenues from Art + Commerce, his two

and-a-half year old company may exceed one half million dollars in 1985. "Income was tripling every month," says the 31-year-old Moffat, who runs the business with partners Anne Kennedy and Leslie Sweeney.

"then I stopped counting. And it's not unforeseeable that we will soon be a million-dollar business. But when you grow that fast you have tremendous expenses, so I personally don't make much more money than I did a year ago. Also, I seem to spend all the money I have no matter how little it is. I've always been good at living well even when I was poor. Now I'm just affording it better."

FOUNDED BY Moffat and Kennedy in the fall of 1982, Art + Commerce acquires commercial assignments (i.e. advertising or magazine editorial work) for a group of artistic photographers known predominantly for their museum and gallery exhibitions; hence, the name. That the company roster contains seven of the hottest photographers working today—including Annie Leibowitz, Robert Mapplethorpe and Steven Meisel—is not surprising; Moffat and Kennedy have been highly selective. But that the business would grow to represent hair and makeup stylists, as well as an art director/designer, was unforeseen by the two young entrepreneurs. In fact, the company's origins were so modest that until last summer they operated without an actual office.

Sitting in the conference room of Art + Commerce's office in Manhattan's photo district, Moffat recalls: "We were working out of Anne Kennedy's apartment on 10th Street until we moved here. And one day we needed to make a meeting with

a client and they said they would come down to our office. But the office was really Anne's television and her bed and her Mr. Coffee machine and us sitting in there. So Anne moved out and stayed at this bed and breakfast place downtown, and we painted the place and made her bedroom into a conference room for the meeting." Today, the spacious offices speak of success, and the conference room is lined with the work of Art + Commerce photographers.

MOFFAT FIRST became intrigued with photography in the mid-70s while working as a rare book auctioneer in San Francisco. His main interest became illustrated books and then photographically illustrated books, but soon he grew tired of bookselling altogether. "Photography seemed more immediate to me," he recalls, his long hair and boyish grin making him look even younger than he is, "and more modern. Also, I wanted to come back East." (Moffat

/ continued on page 18



• James Moffat of Art + Commerce

*This agency puts artistic integrity first
and makes big bucks from big business*

HAWAII VS THE PHOTOTRON

Hello, my name is Jeffery Demarco, President and Founder of PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES

My masters thesis is on the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. I tell you this for historical foot note only.

In pursuit of my own masters thesis, I generated the most extensive popular literature library in the world. Then, I generated the most extensive scientific bibliography in the world. I then went into a laboratory under Federal license at a major university in which I designed a laboratory grade growth chamber called the PHOTOTRON.

If you read all of the popular literature, I did. All of the scientific literature, I did. And look at every apparatus that is in High Times, you will find one common denominator. Every system, UP TILL NOW, has attempted to re-create Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do NO BETTER than Hawaii's results. AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS?

In fact you will grow the plant 6 to 9 months, 6 to 12 feet tall. In fact you will average a 6 inch internodal length. (distance between budding sites). In fact have a 10% budding ratio at the tops of the plant. In fact, throw away 90% of the plant material (leaves/shake). And in fact YOU MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN.

Look. The only thing I'm waiting nine months for is a baby, number one. Number two, I do not want a tree in my house. And number three, I am not going to pay the ELECTRIC BILL TO PRODUCE THE SUN somewhere in my closet. Do not let its pretty looks fool you. Do not let its size (3 1/2 feet tall x 18 inches wide) fool you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs fool you.

The PHOTOTRON will draw \$4.00 per month in electricity (average). My system is totally different.

In fact you will grow 6 plants, three and one half feet tall in 45 days, guaranteed. You will maintain a one inch internodal length, guaranteed. That each plant will produce 1,000 budding sites, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, guaranteed. And there will be 6 plants per individual PHOTOTRON, guaranteed.

And this is the only system in the world where you can re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants every 45 days, up to nine times per year without killing them off, EVER. Then, you may re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants, every 45 days up to nine times per year, while you remove from the system every single solitary day. Every day (average 6-8 oz, every 45 days). You remove from the PHOTOTRON every single solitary day, beginning on day 20 from seed germination.

I personally, guarantee and service back the PHOTOTRON, so do not let its technical nature throw you. You will require THREE PAGES OF INSTRUCTIONS ONLY. Because the system is TOTALLY COMPLETE. You will do three things: 1. Select your seed. 2. Plug the system in. 3. Water it.

Then, if you have any questions at all. You may call me directly. Ask your question. Get the answer. And carry on about your business. You cannot fail with my PHOTOTRON. I do not allow any of my PHOTOTRONS to fall below SHOW-CASE. I have personally guaranteed every PHOTOTRON that has ever been sold. And I have never had one returned. I am not starting now.

So, call me. Right now. I accept all of my phone calls, personally.

"If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call."

Jeffery Julian De Marco

PHOTOTRON[®]

10 days from seed germination to photo below.



6-8 oz. Buds Every 45 Days

6-8 oz. Buds Every 45 Days

THE PHOTOTRON		24	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
Holds Systems		50%	1	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	PUMP

LIGHT	LEAF SELF SHADE	ADJUSTABILITY
	LINEAR FEET OF PLANT	FOR EACH SYSTEM
NUTRIENTS	SPECTRUM ADJUSTABILITY	
	COMPUTER DESIGN	
	GUARANTEE FEMALE	
	NEVER KILLS THE PLANT	
	ONE-INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS	- 1,000 BUDGING BITES PER PLANT
	RE-FLOWER AND RE-BUD SAME PLANTS	EVERY 45 DAYS UP TO 9 TIMES PER YEAR
	TOTALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION	
CO2	SERVICE HOT LINE FOR QUESTIONS	
SERVICE		

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photograph presented from universally conducted research for Maestri Thesis entitled:
 "Factors Controlling Resin-Production and Plant Growth," pertains to any plant."

If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, we will pay you for the call - 312-544-8008.

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Telex 154111 HIGROW

High Life

/ continued from page 16

hails from Bedford, N.Y. in northern Westchester County and was an English literature major at the State University of New York at Purchase.)

Moffat's first New York job was cataloguing prints and running a gallery for George Reinhart, one of this country's earliest and largest photography dealers. At that gallery Moffat organized what he says was "the first show of fashion photographers in any gallery or museum situation," an exhibition of work by 65 fashion photographers. And it was during the preparation for that show that Moffat met virtually all of the active fashion photographers in New York, a handful of whom would eventually join Art + Commerce.

After the gallery closed, Moffat worked as an independent dealer of photographic prints for two years—except for a brief stint as a photograph cataloguer at Christie's. And three years ago, while helping Annie Leibowitz edit her book, he met up with Anne Kennedy, who was also an independent dealer. "Anne and I always talked about our dissatisfaction and being bored with the photography museum and gallery world," explains Moffat. "It's very small and stuffy and it was becoming less and less profitable as the market became glutted. So we decided to do something new. We decided to take these contemporary photographers we knew—whom we considered as good as the highest paid commercial photographers, but who weren't selling well because of the weakened art market—and get them commercial jobs. We wanted to both make money for all of us and try to create a situation where magazines and advertising agencies would once again hire great artists—like they did Man Ray or Steichen—for editorial and advertising purposes."

ART + COMMERCE (the name was Kennedy's idea) began with four photographers: Erica Lennard, Lynn Davis, Laurie Simmons and Victor Schrager, who is no longer with the company. Of the four, only Lennard had worked commercially and it was her steady pay for shooting the Perry Ellis advertisements that enabled the company to make money. But the response to these

artists' portfolios in the commercial world was outstanding and soon Leibowitz, Mapplethorpe, Meisel and Steve Hiett came aboard, virtually guaranteeing the company's success.

Last summer, because Art + Commerce booked so many hair and makeup people for photo sessions, they decided to take on their own crew, and they added Leslie Sweeney, former fashion editor at *Mademoiselle*, as another partner to run that division. At the same time, they began representing Paula Greif, a former art director at *Mademoiselle*. And lately, Moffat and his partners have begun acting as an in-house advertising agency for small companies and fashion designers.

"This is completely different from what we had imagined at first," admits Moffat, "and the more we become known, the more opportunities arise to do all sorts of different things—book projects, magazines, video, feature films, whatever. What's been most difficult, though, is that we've grown fast, so that every time we look we have to restructure the business and teach ourselves more about simply running a business."

"I always wanted to be—and still intend to be—a novelist. [Moffat's first novel will be complete this year.] And Anne, who studied at art school and lived and worked with the great photographer Paul Strand, is very interested in publishing photography books and in the advertising agency aspect of the company. Neither of us has business backgrounds, and neither of us even understood tax laws. We've had to learn all that."

WHAT HAS BROUGHT SUCCESS to Art + Commerce, however, is not a vigorous cut-throat business style, but rather the belief in and implementation of a simple philosophy regarding photography. "What we want to do, in addition to getting jobs for our people," clarifies Moffat, "is to create a situation where all photography is looked at under one umbrella. Good photography is good photography, and it should be used every different way possible—hung on the wall, seen in a gallery, in the pages of a magazine. It should be an ad, a poster and a billboard. And the more uses you can find for a person's life's work, the more money everybody's going to make." □



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Highwitness NEWS

MAY '85

NO. 117



ANTI-DOPE DOPE? FDA PUSHES OPIATE "BLOCKERS" FOR ADDICTS



A RECENT issue of the *New York Times* ran a front-page article headlined "FDA ANNOUNCES NEW DRUG TO BLOCK CRAVING FOR HEROIN." That was news to us. The drug in question, naltrexone, has been around for over 10 years and *no one* has ever claimed that it blocks the craving for heroin. Stunned by this seemingly startling development, veteran Highwitness News reporter Claire Winston-Levy dispatched a team of reporters to get the inside story on this purported addiction "cure." She filed this hard-hitting report, which shows that any time The Great Gray Lady of Times Square consults with a *doctor*, she doesn't feel an independent consultation is necessary.

/ continued on next page

● Trans-High Market Analysis and Quotes: p. 28

R Y E. N E W Y O R K

NALTREXONE, A NEW DRUG WHICH HAS been touted by the *New York Times* as an effective and nonaddictive replacement for methadone in the treatment of opiate addiction—and which has been termed “a chemical straitjacket,” and “the ultimate brain-control drug” by methadone counselors and clients—went into full-time production as a prescription drug early this year. Since it exerts virtually no measurable effects of its own, psychologically at least, but only blocks the effects of opiate drugs like heroin, methadone, Dilaudid, Percodan, Darvon and so on, naltrexone might not be expected to find much demand on the drug-store market. In fact, the Dupont company of Maryland, which will market it as “Trexan,” claims to be providing it primarily as a public service, without expecting to garner any substantial profit from this “orphan drug.” Drug-treatment figures who have been opposed to methadone-maintenance therapy for years, however, are fiercely promoting naltrexone as a replacement for it.

Essentially, naltrexone is a long-lasting adaptation of the classic “narcotic antagonist” drug naloxone, which has been in use since the 1960s. Produced by Dupont under the brand name Narcan, naloxone is used in hospital emergency wards everywhere to bring patients out of overdoses on heroin or other opiate drugs. Naloxone has saved untold thousands of lives in this way. “The patient will appear to be dead when brought into the emergency room,” a veteran physician relates, “his lips bright blue, no motion, no respiration, no detectable pulse. One shot of Narcan, and instantly the guy comes back to life with a bang, sitting straight up on the gurney, coughing and spitting and quite often taking a swing at the ER intern who just brought him back from the dead. The drug puts them into instant withdrawals, you see, as well as bringing them back from the dead.” These precipitated withdrawals are irreversible, although they only last for 20 minutes, with naloxone.

Naltrexone, essentially, is an adaptation of naloxone which continuously blocks the effects of opiate drugs for 24 hours, or even 48 or 72 hours, depending on the size of the dose. Although it can't be safely given to opiate addicts while they're actively addicted, the idea is to begin giving it to them as soon as they're freshly detoxified from heroin or methadone or whatever, and to persuade them to keep taking it regularly for long periods, six to 18 months, ideally, or even longer. Detoxified opiate addicts are frequently assailed by phantom waves of drug-craving from time to time, weeks or months after “kicking” their physical addiction; during these “secondary abstinence” flashes of craving, which can be as intense as acute heroin withdrawals, they often succumb to the urge to fix up a dose of street

heroin, or hospital Demerol or Dilaudid. Frequently they relapse into full-blown re-addiction as a result. The idea behind naltrexone therapy is to keep them “sound-proofed” with this opiate-antagonist drug against all the effects of opiates, so that even if they try a shot of opiate in a state of intense craving, it'll have no effect on them at all.

Behave-Mod Tech Talk

NALTREXONE'S MOST ARDENT PROMOTERS tend to be behaviorist psychiatrists, who speak their own special academic language: “Much of the rationale for antagonist therapy is based on the premise that drug-taking behavior can be extinguished by eliminating the reinforcement produced by opiates,” explained Dr. Rolf Greenstein of Philadelphia in *Problems of Drug Dependence 1982*, a monograph from the National Institute on Drug Abuse which still stands as the single most comprehensive trove of naltrexone-therapy research reports.

As Greenstein and many other researchers reported in that volume (and have consistently reported ever since), naltrexone is clearly effective for only a tiny minority of all opiate addicts. Of the several thousand recovering addicts given the drug since 1973, the vast majority have taken it for less than 30 days, typically abandoning it after just a few doses. Detoxified methadone clients persuaded to try naltrexone aftercare are especially likely to be noncompliant, by the numbers. “A person on opiates is having his basic needs taken care of by the drug very simply and efficiently,” a veteran addiction researcher, who has studied antagonist therapy since the 1960s at the Addiction Research Center in Kentucky, tells *HIGH TIMES*. “They don't like this drug naltrexone, because it doesn't take care of anything at all.” Very stable, long-term methadone clients who freely volunteer for naltrexone therapy do notably well on it, but any element of coercion obviously makes them resist it. In fact, only one discrete category of opiate addicts, over the 12 years during which naltrexone has been researched, has consistently been seen to benefit from it: “impaired physicians,” doctors and nurses who have become addicted to hospital stores of Demerol, Dilaudid and so on.

People in the medical profession, with their careers on the line if they get caught using drugs, are very well-motivated to enter naltrexone therapy, and to tough it out through episodes of secondary-abstinence craving. Being college-educated, they also can comprehend and relate to the rather abstruse behave-mod theories that underlie different modes of experimental naltrexone therapy notions and practices which may strike other people as puzzlingly complex, and even cruel.

At the Veteran's Administration Hospital in Philadelphia, Dr. Charles O'Brien has been using naltrexone with impaired physicians for over ten years. Like every other researcher



• “Physician, Fix Thyself”: Addicted

who's worked with the drug, O'Brien emphasizes that naltrexone must be supplemented with psychotherapy, and with tight and continuous supervision of the patient. “We have a surgeon on naltrexone now, for example, who can't conveniently come to the clinic several times per week,” O'Brien illustrates. “So his chief of staff supervises his daily dose, makes sure he swallows it at the hospital.” Supervision of compliance—a job superior, family member, or physician making sure the patient swallows the proper dose to maintain a continuous opiate block—is fundamental to naltrexone therapy.

At the VA clinic, O'Brien's staff practice various “extinguishing” techniques. Patients on naltrexone are shown color videotapes of people self-administering heroin or Demerol, fiddling with the tie cords, cooking up the dope in spoons, probing their veins until they “flag” one with a plume of red blood into the syringe, “fixing up” and experiencing the obvious euphoria of the heroin “rush.” They're shown taped bags of street heroin and bottles of pharmaceutical opiates, and syringes, specifically to evoke their drug craving. Even if the stimulus presented by such materials is sufficient to induce intense junk-craving in the patient, complete with nose-sniffles and stomach cramps and intense anxiety, naltrexone theory considers that a good sign. Because even if the addict subsequently fixes up a dose of the accursed opiate, the drug will have no effect on



docs and nurses work best with Trexan.

their naltrexone-blocked brain receptor sites, the inevitable frustration and disappointment, it's hoped, will induce them to become less excited the *next* time they encounter some stimulus—the sight of needles and dope, for example—that reminds them of opiate euphoria.

At Regent Hospital in New York City, Dr. Arnold Washton questions the importance of such "extinguishing" routines. In his own naltrexone project, Washton concentrates on dynamic psychotherapy: "Peer-support therapy with the emphasis on abstinence," he calls it, "as opposed to reliving childhood." The discussion in group therapy at Regent focuses on immediate life-problems and ultimate goals: "an active, problem-solving approach, teaching people to live drug-free."

Washton's clientele is not restricted to addicted physicians, but they're obviously not street addicts either; the clinic fees at Regent reportedly start at around \$200 per week and can touch \$2000 per week. Naltrexone clients come to the clinic three times per week—"Take-home naltrexone is useless," says Washton flatly—to get their dose: 100 milligrams on Monday, 100 mg more on Wednesday, and 150 mg on Friday. "They're watched while they put it in their mouth and swallow it," says Dr. Washton. "Then they stick out their tongue." Patients also undergo continuous "urine surveillance" to ensure that they're not indulging in any non-opiate recreational drugs.

An Error by The Times

IN A NIDA MONOGRAPH PUBLISHED LATE last year, *Naltrexone: Its Clinical Utility*, Dr. Harold Ginzberg specifies the types of opiate addicts likeliest to benefit from naltrexone therapy. Highly motivated people with stable, long-term family and professional relationships are most highly recommended: individuals with "more to lose in the community" if their addiction is publicly revealed. People who've been stabilized on methadone for so long that they have no current junk-taking habit patterns are also prime candidates. "Empirically," notes Ginzberg, "patients under criminal-justice sanctions remain in treatment longer"; which is to say, parolees and work-release convicts are generally willing to put up with naltrexone if the certain alternative is a return to full-time prison confinement. Dr. Leonard Brahen of Long Island, who has worked with scores of parolees in the Nassau County naltrexone project since 1973, has reported that virtually all of them abandon the drug immediately as soon as the threat of jail no longer hangs over their heads.

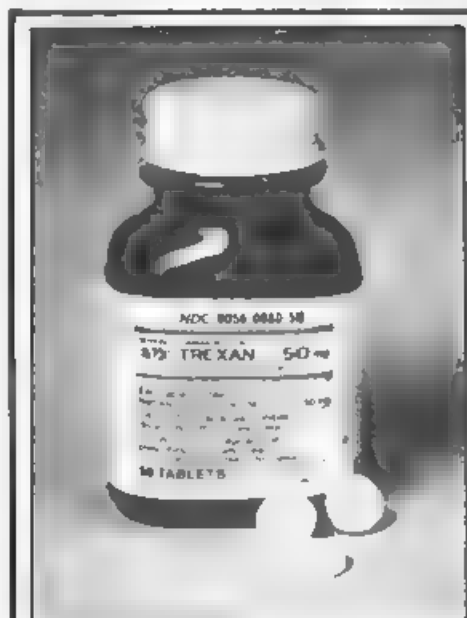
Naltrexone specialists contacted by HIGH TIMES—including Dr. Ginzberg at NIDA—all tend to agree that the drug will not work well in circumstances of coercion: the patient has to volunteer for the therapy, and believe in it strongly, and the administering therapists have to be prepared to actively "cheerlead" their clients through the roughest parts of the first couple months of abstinence. Highly motivated clients are bound to benefit from the therapy, but "the converse is also true," Dr. Ginzberg notes. "poor motivation predicts failure." The simple fact is that the drug, unlike methadone, does not have the specific effect of abolishing an addict's craving for heroin, Demerol, Percodan or what ever; in fact, the specific *point* of naltrexone therapy is to help the addict directly confront and (hopefully) vanquish his drug-craving, even if it takes months or years.

Nevertheless, in late November last year, the *New York Times* published a front-page article headlined, "FDA ANNOUNCES NEW DRUG TO BLOCK CRAVING FOR HEROIN." The first sentence read, "The Food and Drug Administration today approved a drug that it said blocks an addict's craving for heroin without creating a new addiction." The error was repeated in the article several times, and again in a followup article in early January: "A researcher says a drug that blocks the craving for heroin can be taken by 'a substantial majority' of addicts," was the opening line.

Fearful that the bureaucrats of the New York State Division of Substance Abuse Services (NYDSAS) were being pressured to switch the state's 71,000 methadone clients forcibly onto naltrexone, several New York City clients speculated to HIGH TIMES that the Dupont drug company, having

freshly gotten FDA approval to put this drug on prescription, may have been the source of this misinformation. Two P-R men and a company executive at Dupont, however, readily volunteered the truth—"No, naltrexone doesn't block the craving for heroin"—during independent interviews. HIGH TIMES then proceeded to methodically interview every single naltrexone researcher cited in both *Times* stories, and several other researchers, and was assured by every one of them that naltrexone does not block heroin craving, and that they were not the source of

/ continued on next page



WARNING

"Drug abusers share medications," it is noted in NIDA's latest monograph on naltrexone. In fact, there have been several cases since 1973 of naltrexone clients slipping a dose of the drug to friends who were on methadone or street heroin. The results have been pretty spectacular: instant withdrawals so drastic they required intensive hospital treatment.

Each white Trexan tablet will counteract a dose of 25 milligrams of heroin for 24 hours, the Dupont company warns; two Trexan tabs will last 48 hours, three tabs 72 hours, and so on. Opiate addicts who take Trexan will be in withdrawals for as long as the dose lasts.

"Symptoms of withdrawal have usually appeared within five minutes of ingestion of Trexan," cautions the Dupont product information in very small print, "and have lasted up to 48 hours. Mental status changes including confusion, somnolence and visual hallucinations have occurred." Such drastic mental changes are not typical at all of ordinary opiate withdrawals, and suggest that naltrexone's main active metabolite—6-Beta naltrexol—has special psychotropic effects in people who are actively addicted.

Naltrexone-induced withdrawals need to be managed carefully by physicians, titrating into the patient just enough hydromorphone (Dilaudid) to overcome the naltrexone blockade, but not enough to overdose the patient dead. The same delicate and complicated routine must be undertaken when naltrexone clients accidentally injure themselves so badly that they require opiates for pain relief.

/ continued from previous page

this erroneous information in the *New York Times*.

Finally, in the Food and Drug Administration's public-information office, top FDA spokesman Ed Nida indicated that he was quite possibly the source of this error. Nida refused to confirm or deny whether naltrexone blocks heroin hunger, and irritably characterized as a "word game" any distinction between blocking the effects of heroin and blocking the craving for heroin. "I'm sure we have different philosophies about drug use," he told a HIGH TIMES reporter opaquely.

However, an alternative source for this misinformation is possible. Erstwhile White House "drug czar" Carleton Turner, an organic chemist, was cited briefly in the November article. Turner has not spoken to anyone at HIGH TIMES since the magazine refused to run ads for his patented paraquat test kit in 1978, and he resolutely refused to accept any phone calls asking about naltrexone last January, too.

No honest person familiar with the extensive clinical literature on naltrexone could have told the *Times* that naltrexone blocks heroin craving. At Yale University, addiction specialist Dr. Herbert Kleber was asked if he knew of any such statement, anywhere in the clinical literature. The closest thing to it, he declared, was a 1979 report in the *American Journal of Drug and Alcohol Dependence*, which suggested that after about six weeks of continuous naltrexone blockade, some clients may be less prone to flashes of secondary-abstinence craving than ex-addicts without naltrexone. "But of course that shouldn't be construed as a specific pharmacological property of the drug," cautioned Kleber scrupulously.

The Doctor's Helper

METHADONE CLIENTS WILL BE REASSURED to hear that, according to an Albany spokesperson for NYDSAS, there is no particular pressure on them at this time to switch people from methadone to naltrexone, no matter what the *New York Times* has said. In fact, Dr. Ginzberg's 1984 NIDA monograph forcefully counsels against any such thing: "Long-term methadone maintenance patients who have established a therapeutic relationship with their treatment providers may do poorly," Ginzberg warns, "when they are detoxified from methadone and then transmitted to another treatment facility to be inducted on naltrexone." The drug may work fine for people who really want it, in other words, but it doesn't work at all for people who don't want it at all.

NYDSAS itself misinformed the *Times*, however, when a spokesperson there erroneously told the newspaper that most addicts could not physically take naltrexone, because it might damage their livers. Dr. Washton at Regent, and several other researchers, point out that the only reports linking naltrexone

F.D.A. Announces New Drug to Block Craving for Heroin

By JERRY MOLEY
Special to the New York Times
WASHINGTON, Nov. 28 — The Food and Drug Administration today approved a drug that it said blocks an addict's craving for heroin without causing a new addiction.
But the drug, naltrexone, cannot be taken by addicts with liver disease and its effectiveness may be limited to addicts who are highly motivated to be drug-free.
Naltrexone, Carleton E. Turner, the White House adviser for drug policy, called it "a very significant development." He said the drug had persuaded many highly motivated addicts to become drug-free and return to work.
"I am anxious the assistant director of New York State Division of the Abuse Services, said the naltrexone was so good — but she couldn't —
www.addict

● "All the news that's fit to print," even when it's not true at all.

to liver dysfunction derive from a test group of obese non-addicts, who were given massive 300-mg daily doses of naltrexone to see if it would curb their appetites. (It did not.) "Any drug taken in such overdose quantities, every day for weeks on end, is bound to affect the liver," observes Dr. Washton. Naltrexone has never been seen to cause liver troubles in opiate clients, researchers say.

On the other hand, less than ten thousand people altogether have taken the drug since 1973, and most of them only took it once or twice. Naltrexone is not entirely devoid of side-effects, at least in one-time, acute doses. Dr. Charles O'Brien, in a 1982 NIDA paper, reported: "Normal human males given an acute dose of 50 mg of naltrexone reported irritability, dysphoria, sexual ideation and penile erections." At such doses, in first-time subjects, naltrexone promotes a "rapid and significant" increase of the hormones ACTH, cortisol, and luteinizing hormone, which could account for these effects; therefore, administrators typically start patients at 25 mg doses and work gradually upward over a period of weeks, so that the client develops "tolerance" to these side-effects. If the drug is ever given to scores of thousands of people—say, the entire methadone-maintenance population—a percentage of them is sure to encounter significant medical problems with these unwanted side-effects.

Overall, though, every responsible party seems to agree that there's little chance naltrexone will ever replace methadone as the treatment of choice for nearly all recovering opiate addicts. Conceivably, well-placed propaganda in the *New York Times* and elsewhere could mobilize decent public opinion behind this chaste new opiate antagonist, but when the public is eventually asked to

foot the tax bill for all the dynamic psychotherapists who would have to administer the programs, the public might well have second thoughts. Methadone barely costs \$2000 per cent per year.

In their rosiest projections, the most ardent promoters of naltrexone—Dr. Washton, Dr. Kleber, Dr. O'Brien—all agree that the drug is suitable for only about ten percent of all ex-addicts in treatment. Considering that there are never more than 100,000 addicts in treatment in America at any given time, it's unlikely that the Dupont company will ever sell very many dosage units of naltrexone.

"It's an orphan drug," agrees a Dupont spokesperson. In fact, Dupont only happened to acquire the patent on naltrexone when it bought up the Endo drug company, after Endo had spent a great deal of unrewarding research money on it. "We haven't got any solid projections of how many units we may sell per year," HIGH TIMES was told. "We didn't do any market research on naltrexone. Most of the push to get this drug on prescription was coming from the government, so we just use their figures."

The question of *who* exactly was pushing to get naltrexone on prescription, and *why*, exactly, is a very delicate issue. One indisputable fact shown by the clinical history of naltrexone since 1973 is that it works notably well for addicted physicians. At the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic in San Francisco, Dr. Donald Wesson (employing a bare minimum of behavior-modification filips) has proven an astonishing 60-percent success rate, working strictly with addicted doctors and nurses. This drug, combined with appropriate personal therapy tailored to the needs of the individual client, is virtually tailored for addicted physicians.

One prominent treatment-industry insider, who has written volumes on all the different aspects of addiction, gave HIGH TIMES the bottom line: "If I'm a physician, and I happen to work some place where there are some people who are addicted, I can now prescribe this drug to them in total confidentiality." That is, he could treat his addicted colleagues all by himself, with prescription naltrexone from the hospital's own pharmacy, and no one would ever have to be told of his colleagues' addictions. If there might ever be a public hue and cry to investigate the phenomenon of addicted physicians—which, to go by Wesson's figures at the Haight Clinic, appears to be astonishingly widespread—there will be no very shocking epidemiological data available, thanks to prescription naltrexone.

However, it may not be entirely a piece of cake for the medical community. "We are looking into the state regulations governing the prescription of naltrexone by individual physicians," a NYDSAS spokesperson told HIGH TIMES, for attribution in print. But she would say nothing further about it just that one line, for a quote. HT

CDC FORCES ASPIRIN LOBBY TO WARN KIDS ABOUT REYE'S

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

THE PROPORTION OF AMERICAN TEENAGERS contracting deadly Reye's syndrome, a mysterious disease which often results in death or permanent brain damage, is sharply on the uprise nowadays, and the culprit is suspected to be "harmless" aspirin, researchers at the Centers for Disease Control strongly suspect.

Although Reye's syndrome is an extremely rare disease, totalling fewer than 1,000 cases per year nationwide by CDC estimate, its symptoms are peculiarly ugly. Most often it develops in teens and small children (98 percent of its victims are younger than 20) shortly after the patient has evidently recovered from a bout of influenza or chicken pox. The syndrome begins with intense, continuous vomiting, after which the patients typically lapse into a lethargic sort of delirium, often becoming volubly abusive to people around them. Then patients often become comatose, and die, of those who emerge from coma, one-sixth of all patients suffer permanent brain damage as a result. Overall, the disease kills about one-quarter of all its victims.

No one knows whether a virus or other infective organism is involved with Reye's, but many government health investigators are now thoroughly convinced that aspirin, in some yet-unknown way, can contribute directly to its development. As a result, for several years now, pediatricians have warned parents not to give aspirin to their children while they're suffering from symptoms of flu or chicken pox. Parents everywhere have complied with the warning, and the result has been a considerable dip in the sales of children's aspirin, and a concomitant 50-percent dip in the incidence of the disease among children under ten.

The rate at which older teenagers contract Reye's syndrome, however, has stayed constant, so that the *proportion* of teens catching the disease—relative to the number of small children catching it—has necessarily skyrocketed. CDC epidemiologists explain that this is because teenagers typically take aspirin on their own when they get sick; and since they don't visit pediatricians, most teenagers simply don't know that they're at a very high, very special risk of developing Reye's syndrome if they take aspirin while they've got the flu or chicken pox.

The risk for teenagers is steep indeed, as reported in the January 21, 1985 issue of *Science* magazine: youngsters who take aspirin while they've got flu or chicken pox are 25 times more likely to develop Reye's syn-

drug ingredients *besides* aspirin. A more exhaustive CDC study might ultimately find that some other common nonprescription drug *besides* aspirin is the genuine culprit in triggering Reye's, it is suggested.

Scientists at the Institute of Medicine and the CDC do not deny that possibility, and are



● This typical children's aspirin packaging bears the usual warnings, but says nothing about the possibility of contracting Reye's syndrome as a result of taking children's aspirin for chicken pox or flu symptoms. Health researchers at the Centers for Disease Control would like future packages to carry a warning about this newly discovered drug-disease connection.

drome than youngsters who don't take aspirin under those conditions. This extraordinary risk figure was developed last December by CDC epidemiologists working for the National Institute of Medicine; and although the figure is based on only tentative, partial research, it was shocking enough that by January this year, the Aspirin Foundation of America (a lobby for aspirin-producing drug companies) had agreed to put special warnings about Reye's syndrome on all aspirin-containing products.

The link between aspirin and Reye's rests strictly on statistical data, and much of these data have been sharply criticized by the Committee for the Care of Children (another lobby for aspirin-producing drug companies.) Last December's CDC report, it's pointed out, was based on a very preliminary study in which CDC investigators interviewed the parents of youngsters who'd contracted Reye's, after flu or chicken pox, comparing them to a larger "control" group of children who hadn't contracted Reye's after these diseases. Nearly all the Reye's victims—97 percent—had taken aspirin while sick, compared to just 50-some percent of the controls. Critics of the study point out that sick youngsters are commonly given a great variety of medicines—cough syrups, decongestants and so on—containing countless

already conducting a broad-based, in-depth, tightly-structured investigation of the issue. In the meantime, though, the Reye's warning to teenagers and parents of small children should be on every aspirin container, health officials here maintain. "We stand behind the pilot study," CDC disease sleuth Walter Dowdle told *Science* editor Gina Kolata.

At the same time, IOM researchers will be seeking to determine the cause and nature of Reye's syndrome, and how it may be triggered by aspirin, or by other drugs. Aspirin itself—acetylsalicylic acid—has earned an unquestioned record of exceptional safety as a painkiller since its invention a century ago by chemist Heinrich Dreiser at the Bayer Fabrikfarben company in Germany (In 1892, Dreiser also invented the painkiller diacetylmorphine—heroin—which has had a more controversial painkilling history.) Aspirin, scientists have determined, exerts its painkilling and anti-inflammatory effects by reducing the body's production of certain bloodstream hormones called prostaglandins. Prostaglandins are part of the body's overall immune systems, so it may be conceivable that when young people use aspirin to block their prostaglandin activity, they also reduce their natural resistance to whatever virus or other organism may cause Reye's syndrome. HT

FED NARCS BID TO SPRAY 3 POISONS ON MARIJUANA

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE DRUG ENFORCEMENT Administration confidently expects to commence spraying marijuana plants nationwide with the controversial new herbicide glyphosate by midsummer this year, the federal narcotics agency has announced. The DEA is currently in the final phases of a year-long Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) process to gain legal clearance to spray glyphosate

2,4-D, anywhere in the country, at any time.

Glyphosate will be used mainly on early-season, immature, physically-unmarketable pot plants, the DEA promises in its EIS for federal lands, published in draft form last July. Produced by the Monsanto company of St. Louis in three brand-name formulations—"Roundup," "Kleen-Up" and "Doomsday"—glyphosate is an extremely slow-acting herbi-

cidary" information known only to the Monsanto company, the company quite readily volunteered the compound's "pyrolysis products" (what it turns into when burned, as in a joint) to HIGH TIMES last summer. A substantial portion of the gases given off when glyphosate is burned, they revealed, consists of acetonitrile, or methyl cyanide. Although this sweet-smelling compound might not hurt a smoker's lungs, toxicolo-

gists agree that methyl cyanide can gravely interfere with liver function. Lab technicians who work with acetonitrile have described the effects of accidental inhalation of the almond-smelling compound: nausea, vomiting, abdominal pain, and other acute poisoning symptoms. But none of this information was included in the DEA's Draft EIS last July, through some incomprehensible oversight.

After physicians for the United States Public Health Service sharply criticized last July's Draft EIS for its incompleteness and misstatements of scientific research, the DEA agreed to look further into the glyphosate problem. A \$150,000 contract was issued from the National Institute on Drug Abuse to a private company in North Carolina, Research Triangle Institute, to conduct an independent study of glyphosate and 2,4-D, concentrating on what happens when they're burned and inhaled along with marijuana smoke. The studies were completed last November, and confirm that a "significant amount of acetonitrile" occurs in the smoke from marijuana which has been sprayed with glyphosate. As for pot sprayed with 2,4-D, anyone smoking it will inhale substantial quantities of a breakdown product called 2,4-dichloro phenol. (2,4-D, with 2,4,5-T, comprised the dioxin-yielding "Agent Orange" herbicide.)

No matter what the toxic effects of smoked glyphosate or 2,4-D may really be, the DEA will assuredly begin poisoning marijuana with them as soon as both its EIS documents are completed and published later this spring. The actual contents of the documents, and any published reactions to them by other government agencies, are absolutely immaterial. "The DEA is only obliged to publish something, anything, and call it an Environmental Impact Statement," explains NORML national coordinator Kevin Zeese. "As soon as they do that, no matter what it says, they'll be at liberty to spray, under the terms of the court decision we won against them last year. Or so they think. We're gonna have them in federal court the second after they sprinkle a *drop* of glyphosate, anywhere in the country, this summer."

/ continued on page 27



• Paraquat, glyphosate, and 2,4-D: how to scare the kids off pot.

and other poisons on pot plants, in every state with the possible exception of Alaska. The DEA has two EIS documents in the works, one covering the spraying of herbicides on federal lands, and the other concerning "non-federal and tribal lands"—everywhere else in the country, that is. Once both documents are completed and formally published, the DEA will be technically at liberty to spray glyphosate, along with paraquat and the "Agent Orange" herbicide

cide. "Plants are killed slowly [by glyphosate]," the July Draft EIS explains, "and wilting and yellowing of annuals may not occur for two to four days." If glyphosate is ever sprayed on mature, marketable pot plants, the poisoned marijuana could be very easily harvested and taken to the street market, with potentially disastrous effects for anyone who might smoke it.

Although a great deal of information about glyphosate's human toxicity is secret "pro-

HOW TO BUY YOUR OWN LOCAL NARC SQUAD

A Charitable Decision: The IRS says a group that donates money to a county's law enforcement agencies to allow undercover agents to buy drugs "lessens the burdens of government." Thus, the group qualifies as a charitable organization.

—WALL STREET JOURNAL

A Trans-High Market Quotations "alert" in our January issue about search and seizure on the New Jersey Turnpike drew a big response from HIGH TIMES readers. Below is one of the many cautionary letters we received.—Ed.

TRANSPORT VIA THE NEW Jersey Turnpike is laughably easy—if you know what not to do.

Never transport anything, not even head stash, in a vehicle with Florida tags, particularly Florida rental tags. That's a sure way to attract attention. One luckless duo was arrested with *beaucoup* reefer shortly after New Year's Day. The reason? Florida tags, with the typical tinted windows found in many Florida vehicles. Tinted windows are illegal in Noo Joisy. After the vehicle was stopped, the trooper spotted two packs of untaxed cigarettes on the dash. Voila, probable cause.

If you're carrying, don't hurry. The vast majority of busts start with a speeding violation. Get yourself a radar detector—Superheterodyne is best, and it's legal in N.J.

ObeY all traffic rules, right down to keeping your license plate clean and signaling when you change lanes. Make sure your lights work!

Avoid the Delaware Memo-



Steve Sworny

T'PIKE TRIPPER'S HOT TIPS

rial Bridge in the southern terminus of the turnpike. Delaware is cool, but once you cross that bridge you're right where the cops concentrate the heat. You're better off going via I-95 to Philly, then across one of the bridges to the turnpike.

Make sure your car or truck's exterior has been washed. The Man looks for a vehicle that's

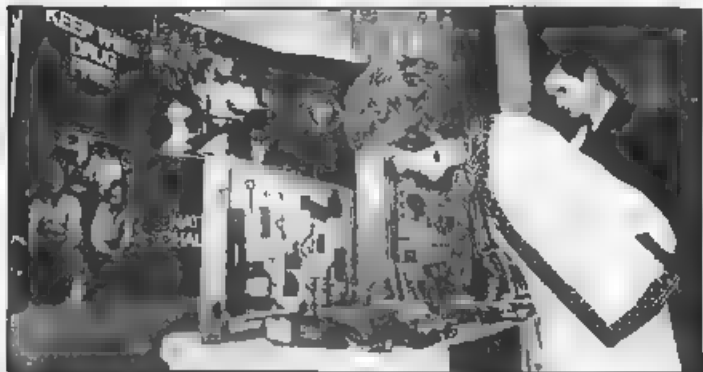
obviously been on the road non-stop from the Southeast.

If you're unlucky enough to be stopped, DON'T waive your freedom from unreasonable search and seizure. Most busts occur when the bustee signs a consent-to-search form. If you don't give verbal or written consent to search, your chances might be a little better.

Be cool when you pass through toll booths. The toll-takers, I've noticed, have started eyeballing drivers for signs of intoxication.

I've traveled the turnpike literally hundreds of times, with absolutely no problems. If you use your head, you can do the same. Use your head—or lose it.

—One Who Nose
Somewhere in Dixie



Wide World

FIRST LADIES FLOCK TO FIGHT DOPE

THE WHITE HOUSE announced that first ladies from 16 countries will converge on Washington for a get-together hosted by Nancy Reagan. Subject of this kaffeeklatsch? The war against youth drug abuse. The conference is scheduled for April 24 and will be attended by the first ladies of Argentina, Bolivia, Canada, Ecuador, Ireland, Italy, Japan

and Mexico, according to the White House. (According to our unofficial estimate, that's only eight countries, but no one ever said Reaganauts could count.)

"Interest is running high," said Jennifer Hirschberg, Nancy's new PR flack, intending no pun. If interest continues at this fever pitch, Hirschberg added, another conference may be held in the fall. HT

NO COMMENT

"MARIJUANA HAS CEASED TO BE A BIG ISSUE IN THE Netherlands. Pot has been sold freely in cafés and youth centers since 1978, when the government concluded that the substance was 'relatively innocuous' and dropped all criminal penalties for it...

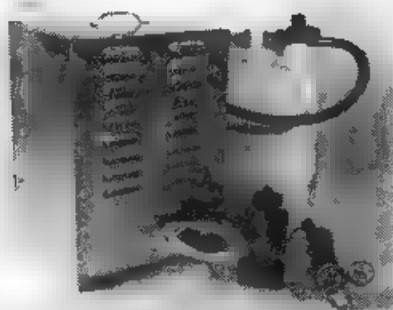
"The idea seems to have worked. Fewer young people smoke pot in the Netherlands than in several countries that impose criminal penalties for that activity. In a recent study, more than four-fifths of the young people surveyed said they had no interest in smoking marijuana, although it is as easy to buy here as a bar of chocolate. And less than two percent, according to other studies, say they are 'regular' users who smoke pot at least once a week.

"(The U.S. does not keep comparable statistics. Its most recent survey classifies 11.5 percent of youths aged 12 to 17 and 27.4 percent of youths 18 to 25 as 'regular' users but defines regular as having smoked pot within a month of being surveyed.)

"Liberalization of marijuana hasn't caused any health problems or criminal problems, Dutch officials say. 'Because society hasn't defined it as a problem, it isn't a problem,' says Peter Cohen, a psychologist and drug advisor to the government."

—WALL STREET JOURNAL

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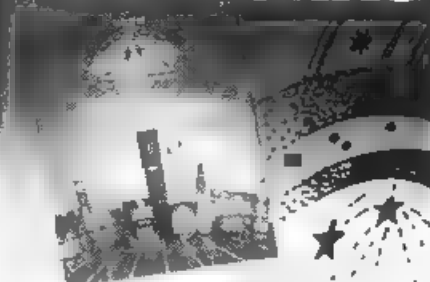
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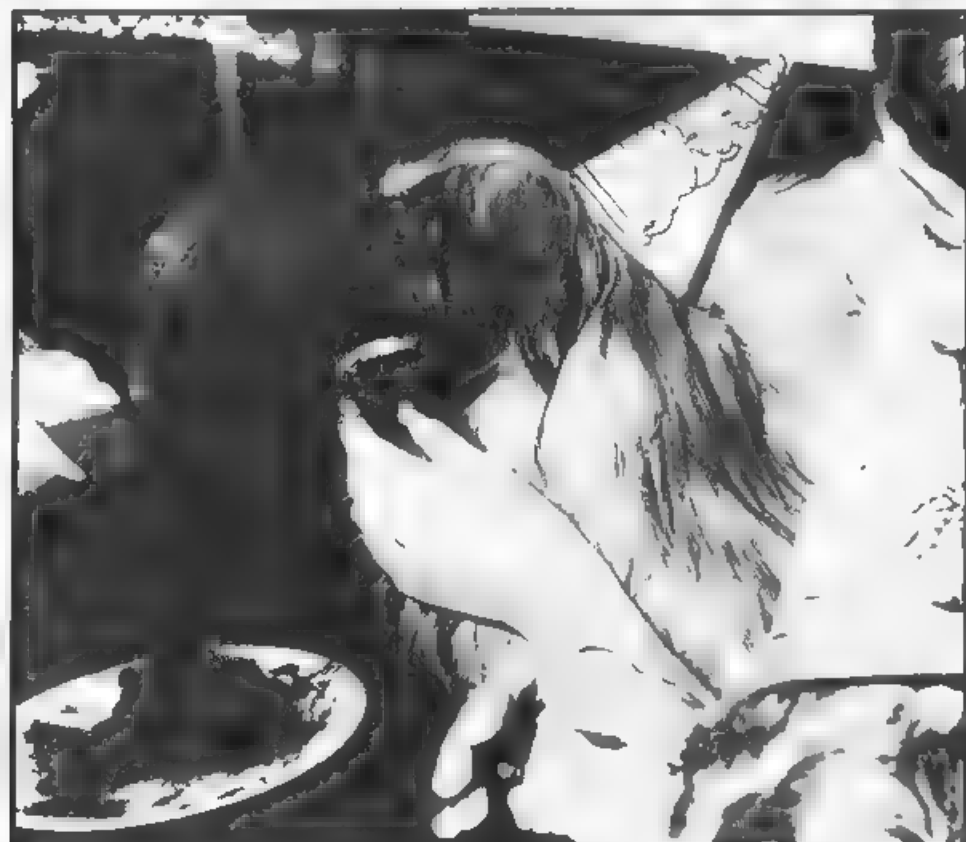
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• An unsuspecting puppy being primed for a life of drug abuse.

NEW DRUG PERIL FOR DOGS: CHOCOLATE ADDICTION & OD

WASHINGTON, D.C.

A 50-POUND SPRINGER SPANIEL DIED LAST year after breaking into its owners' kitchen cupboard and eating two pounds of chocolate-chip cookies. The animal, whose name and owners have not been revealed, subsequently went into a wildly hyperactive state, and then suddenly manifested epileptic-like convulsions, and died. The case came to the attention of a veterinarian, Aaron Glauber, who traced the cause of death to the natural-drug content of the chocolate chips in the cookies.

Writing in *The Journal of the American Animal Hospital Association*, Glauber and pharmacologist Peter Blumenthal pointed out that chocolate is naturally loaded with caffeine and theobromine, naturally-occurring stimulant drug compounds of a class called "methylated xanthines." Xanthines also include the stimulating decongestant ephedrine, derived from the *Ephedra caudulis* shrub, a common component in over-the-counter diet aids, decongestants, and "look-alike" pep pills and capsules. Scientists have recently determined that plants appear to produce such xanthine compounds

to protect themselves against insects (see "Coffee and Tea Kill Bugs Dead," Highwitness News, December 1984). Insect larvae exposed to pure caffeine invariably go into brief states of hyperactivity, and then die—much like the unfortunate spaniel who ate all those chocolate-chip cookies.

As a rule of thumb, Glauber and Blumenthal estimate the lethal dose of chocolate in dogs to be four ounces of chocolate for a five-pound dog, 16 ounces for a 20-pound dog, and so on. A typical 160-pound human being would probably die after eating eight pounds of pure chocolate all at once, if it could be done; luckily, according to doctors, nausea would certainly supervene before a person could cram all that choccie down his or her gorge, triggering life-saving vomiting.

Dogs, however, appear to be less susceptible than humans to chocolate-induced nausea and emesis. Therefore, pet owners who treat their dogs to occasional tasty snacks of chocolate may unwittingly be instilling in them a sweet tooth that might turn out to be lethal for them, if they ever come across an unwatched cache of chocolate. (See this issue's Abuse Folio, page 30, for effects of chocolate on human beings.) HT

Poison

/ continued from page 24

spent over \$500,000 in tax money to research glyphosate, paraquat, and 2,4-D.

NORML, working on a budget of less than \$120,000 per year from its contributors, expects nevertheless to be successful in tying up this summer's pot-poisoning project in endless litigation. "There's really not that much support for this DEA project, and certainly not in the courts," explains an attorney associated with NORML. "Even the parents-power lobby, like the National Federation of Parents for Drug-Free Youth, only pays limited lip service to it. If they were to come out and really fiercely promote herbicides, they might just finally prove to the world that they really haven't got any constituency at all, beyond a few thousand committed right-wing kooks and chain-letter writers. No genuine parent wants to have to worry whether his or her kid has been smoking something that's been soaked by one of these scary chemicals."

If NORML can't afford to keep the DEA tied up in court until next autumn, of course, it can be expected that the DEA will begin spraying harvestable, marketable marijuana with paraquat, at last. Paraquat itself, and its main combustion product, 4'-dipyridil, are exceedingly toxic, and are specifically toxic to lung tissue. That is, no matter by what route they enter the body—eaten, drunk, smoked—these compounds ultimately wind up in lung tissue. There, as little as a billionth of a gram of paraquat or 4'-dipyridil is sufficient to cause visible lung damage in test animals; and the lungs of test animals are more resistant to paraquat than the lungs of humans, according to the *U.S. Journal of Public Health*, Summer 1983.

As for glyphosate, the new Research Triangle findings confirm definitely that it breaks down to inhalable cyanide when burned, whether it's sprayed on marijuana or not. However, sources at the State Department's Bureau of International Narcotics Matters advise *HIGH TIMES* that the Colombian government poisoned over 100,000 hectares of pot plants with glyphosate last year, in a massive program that continued straight through the harvest season. A random, unscientific spot check of Poison Control Centers around the country last fall and winter, however, failed to turn up any unusual number of people reporting cyanide-poisoning symptoms after they'd smoked pot.

"In the present climate of opinion," complained the DEA in last July's draft herbicide EIS, "any statement by DEA that marijuana that contains traces of a herbicide is just as safe (or just as unsafe) to smoke as unadulterated marijuana is likely to be met with disbelief by many people." And the DEA has amply demonstrated why that's true, too. HT

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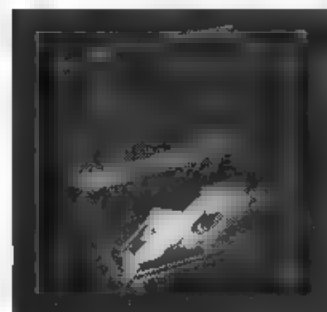
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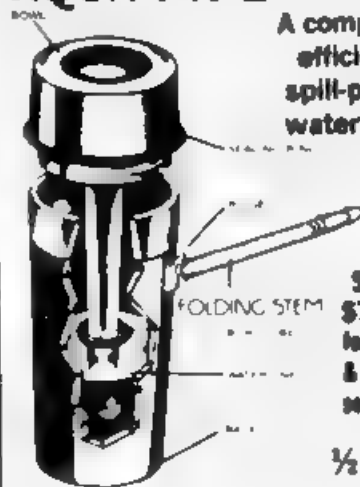
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Market Analysis

DEA HEATS UP DRUG WAR: MEXICO BOILS OVER

Suddenly Mexico is heating up, on the mari-
juana market and in the news. First there
was the big bust in December of several
marijuana plantations close to the U.S. bor-
der, where the total tonnage of confiscated
weed outweighed the estimated annual out-
put for all of Mexico. That left official heads
boggling from the implicit revelation—long
repressed from "normal," unstoned con-
sciousness, we must assume—that, yes,
Mexico was indeed, once again, flooding
us with dope.

Then a DEA agent named Enrique Cama-
rena Salazar—a Mexican-born U.S. citizen
was abducted by armed men on a city street
in Guadalajara. Hours later his Mexican
friend and personal pilot, Alfredo Zavala
Avelar, who had been making lots of pesos
flying DEA narcs on their secret missions
around the country, was driving into Guada-
lajara from the airport and found himself
forced off the road and escorted into another
vehicle by two men with machine guns. After
a month, neither of the two agents had
reappeared.

When the DEA pressed the Mexican heat
to find their guys, they were incensed to
find the same shrugging air of resignation—
¿Quien sabe?—that regularly drives
the American tourists up the walls. When
they suggested that at least 18 families well
known for overlordship of the illegal drug busi-
ness in Mexico should be questioned, the
Mexicans replied that they were unable to
locate them at that time. The conclusion was
unavoidable: too many people in the govern-
ment were paid off—or involved themselves
in the drug trade—to be of any help. Whereas
traditionally Mexico has at least gone to the
effort of keeping up appearances for Uncle
Sam by professing outrage and throwing a
few token bodies over the wall, this time
there wasn't even an inkling of forced en-
thusiasm, and only nominal cooperation.

Outraged by yet another affront to Ameri-
can dignity, the Reagan administration or-
dered the Customs Service to tighten up all
its border check-points with thorough, time-
consuming searches of all vehicles. Osten-
sibly this was to aid the hunt for the missing
agents, but more realistically, by delaying

the normal border-crossing traffic for hours
at a time, a warning punch was delivered,
Reagan-style (speak loudly and bash 'em
with a stick), to the local Mexican economy.

How to explain this new friction between
two mutually conservative and corrupt gov-
ernments? Back in the glory days of their co-
operation, under the banner of Nixon's
Operation Intercept, the two countries had
come down hard on both border traffickers
and local cultivators, practically choking off
the entire Mexican supply and freaking out
prospective buyers of what was left with
fears of paraquat contamination. That, as
you may remember, was back in the '70s,
when Mexico was rolling in oil money (while
the U.S. was over an oil barrel) and groom-
ing itself for its new role as leader among in-
dependent, third-world oil producers.

That new era of prominence on the world
political stage quickly faded in the first years
of the '80s, as the bottom dropped out of the
oil market and the Reagan administration,
climbing out of the economic hole, put the
screws to Mexico with high interest rates,
plunging it deeply into debt.

The result was such a severe succession
of devaluations of the peso that today an
American tourist can go to Mexico at even
more absurdly low expense than ever and
pick up on amazing bargains, while the
normal, impoverished, working Mexican
must pay up to ten times as much as he did
five years ago for his tortillas and beans.

Is it any wonder that strains develop so
easily in Mexican-American relationships?
Or that the Mexican government, which to
its drug-world roots could be described as a
system of payoffs, has chosen now to look
the other way and let the dope trade grow?
Where does the demand for all that dope
come from, after all? What a convenient way
to rake back some of those strong, fattened-
up American dollars! And just where do
those gringos get off thinking they can send
their agents down to rip that one off, too?

Would you want to be an American drug
enforcement agent in Mexico right now?

Late update: On March 6, the beaten and
partially decomposed bodies of the two narcs
were found on a farm outside Guadalajara.

TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS



UNITED STATES			
Area Bulletin			
Austin, Tex.	green-gold buds	oz	\$70-120
	Tex-Mex hash, variety store	oz	90-120
	acid, yuppie dose, yuppie price	one	2-5
	coke, snuff, dust	gm	100
	speed, big demand & big busts	gm	90-100
	"ludes, few around"	one	2-5
	"purple daze"		
	ketamine, small, cozy scene	gm	10-20
	MDA, or was it MDM?	1000	750
Boston	Vermont sinse, skunked off, rare	oz	200
	Vermont leftovers, for outsiders	oz	150
Boulder, Colo.	Colombo red sinse	oz	100
	ADM, or "XTC," or was it MDA?	one	12-50
Butte County, Calif.	beauty buds,	gm	85-100
	top of the tops	oz	200
Carbondale, Ill.	local sinsemilla, abundant	lb	2100
	Mexican brown, gets you high!	oz	75-100
	cocaine	lb	950-1200
	"average"	oz	60-90
	pink windowpane, "from Harvard"	lb	850-1000
	mushrooms,	gm	100
	gone to pieces	oz	500-600
Columbia, S.C.	indoor sinse, pac.	oz	5
	chlorophyll	gm	100-200
Honolulu	Mau Wowie, or so they say	oz	120
Hunterdon County, N.J.	tasty homegrown sinsemilla	lb	150-200
	LSD blots, "fresh from lab"	oz	1700-2000
Louisville, Ky.	kickass sinse rag	oz	100
	geddy marijuana	lb	1400-1500
Madison, Wis.	red Leb, only thing around—vikes	oz	150-200
Meigs County, Ohio	indica buds, that's all we know	lb	1800-2000
Mt. Pulaski, Ill.	prairie-green sinsemilla	oz	100-120
	Jamaican, exotic	oz	85
	Colombo, tried and true	oz	65-80
	hash w/ opium acid, supposedly—"pure trips"	lb	600-750
	freeze-dried shrooms	gm	5
New York City	New Mexican high-concentrate	1.00	320-385
	Colombian, leafy middle-grade	gm	7
	Connecticut sinse, unassum'g	1/4 oz	35
	Hawaiian trimature but potent	oz	200-250
	Indonesian harsh, choking	lb	2800-3000
	Jamaican "Jam cans," silver foil	200 lbs	75,000
	Maine reefer	oz	175
	rough cut	lb	1350-1500
	Mexican sinse with buds even	oz	100
	Thai, fluffy,	oz	60
	goldish buds	lb	550-800
	Kashmir temple balls, super-goo	oz	150
	Afghani black, the best	lb	1750
	Pak, stamped "Free Afghanistan"	50 lbs	28,250
Oakland, Calif.	indoor sativa/indica, 4 toke dope	oz	170
San Francisco	northern California green	lb	1350-2000
		lb	3000
		lb	3000
		lb	1650
		lb	1350-1800
		lb	1600-1900
		oz	200-235
		lb	2200-2600
		oz	100-200
		lb	1200-2000
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		lb	1600
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		oz	1550-1950
		kilo	45,000
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		lb	125-175
		lb	1

ABUSE FOLIO CHOCOLATE

AKA: Theobroma cocoa (food of the gods), coca, hot chocolate, candy, chocolate bars, chips, kisses, syrup.

CHARGES

Chocolate is a dangerous, habit-forming stimulant. Chocolate causes heartburn. Use can result in obesity, jitters and sleeplessness. The substance is addictive and abstinence can lead to physical withdrawal symptoms.

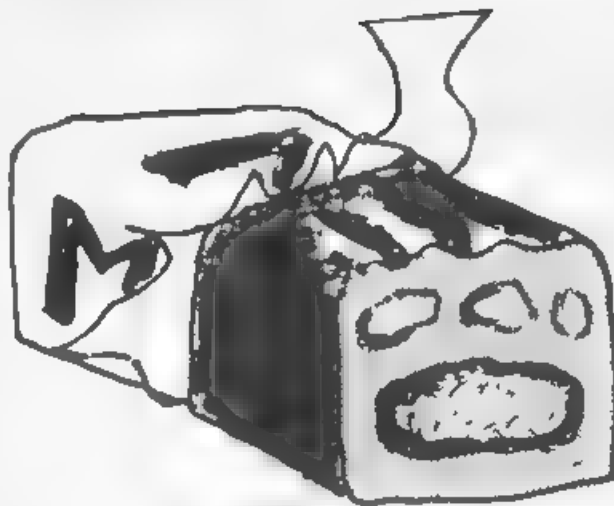
NATURE AND USES

Chocolate is made from seeds of the cacao tree, a wide-branching evergreen that grows within 20 degrees of the equator. Although the tree originated in Mexico and Central America, it is now grown in Africa and parts of Asia as well. The seeds, which grow in large pods directly from the tree's trunk and branches, are called cocoa beans. The beans have a high fat content which is known as cocoa butter.

Although they are both stimulants, cocoa should not be confused with coca, a South American shrub the leaves of which are chewed indigenously or processed into cocaine.

When the cocoa beans are defatted and ground into a powder, the resulting product is cocoa. In the United States, this is made into a beverage by adding warm milk and sugar. Hot cocoa is a mild stimulant where-in the additive effect of the stimulant sugar is probably somewhat mediated by the sedative lecithin in the milk, which is activated by heating. The resulting beverage is considered "safe for children."

There are national variations on hot chocolate. In Mexico, where the drug originated and was used for ceremonial and religious purposes in pre-Columbian times, an elaborate ritual similar to the preparation of Chinese tea is performed. The Mexican cocoa, which retains more cocoa butter than northern varieties, is mixed with spices and ground almonds and packed into bricks. These bricks are broken into clay pots of heating milk and the mixture is whipped until frothy with wooden paddles spun between the palms. Mexican chocolate is an early morning drink.



Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

In the Basque north coastal states of Spain, a chocolate is brewed in silver pitchers that is as strong and dark and thick as chocolate syrup. In cafes on the esplanade in San Sebastian, this concoction is sipped very hot because the viscosity drops as it cools to a consistency similar to chocolate mousse. The stimulant potency of this drink is startling.

Regular chocolate is made by adding extra fat to roasted, ground-up beans.¹ The process sounds simple but the variety engendered within it is great, ranging from the mass-produced bars of Nestle and Hershey, to the expensive, hand-hewn delicacies of Godiva, Droste and Larvin.

The psychoactive ingredient in chocolate is caffeine, one of the xanthines, a group of effective and potent stimulants. With the possible exception of chocolate, all other caffeine-based preparations are used primarily for their stimulant qualities.² We have excepted chocolate only because it is considered a food, but add that its stimulant properties have a lot to do with its appeal. Chocolate is the only stimulant we can think of that in and of itself, can cause weight gain rather than weight loss.

Aside from its caffeine content, little is known about chocolate pharmacology. Some recent studies have linked enzymes that appear in the metabolism of chocolate with those reported to be present in persons in love. This contention is sure to give rise to much future speculation in the field.

HABIT AND LIABILITY

Caffeine is addictive and chocolate has as much of an addiction potential as coffee or any other caffeine preparation. As Drs. Andrew Weil and Winifred Rosen have pointed out, "...cases of chocolate dependence are easy to find. You probably know a few 'chocolate freaks.' People who regularly consume chocolate or go on chocolate eating binges may not realize they are involved with a drug, but their consumption usually follows the same sort of pattern as with coffee, tea and cola drinks. (Do you know any vanilla freaks or butterscotch freaks?)"³

One can overdose on chocolate. High doses of caffeine can produce anxiety, nervousness, irritability, tremulousness, muscular twitching, insomnia, sensory disturbances, hyperventilation (rapid heavy breathing), rapid heartbeat, irregular heart-

beat, flushing, increased urination and gastro-intestinal disturbances.³ It would probably take a lot of chocolate to produce all but the last of these symptoms, but some people eat a lot of chocolate.

In that the excessive use of caffeine has been implicated in a variety of reproduction abnormalities including spontaneous abortion, stillbirths, breech deliveries and cyanosis at birth, pregnant mothers should be careful of their caffeine intake, including chocolate.⁴

Finally, chocolate is very rich in the sorts of things that cause complexion problems, allergic reactions, gastro-intestinal distress and general obesity. Too much of it can be too much of a good thing.

FIRST AID PLUS

A lot of general physical complaints can result from too much caffeine. Coffee, tea, diet pills, cola drinks and antihistamines all contain this drug and the effects are additive. Check your caffeine intake and, if it is too high, try some alternatives. Decaffeinated coffees and teas are available in an increasing variety. There are "un-colas." And there are chocolate substitutes such as carob that don't contain caffeine.

Withdrawal symptoms from caffeine do occur and may include some lethargy, irritability, disorientation, working difficulty and often intense headaches. These symptoms, if they do occur, decrease rapidly and are usually gone within three days.

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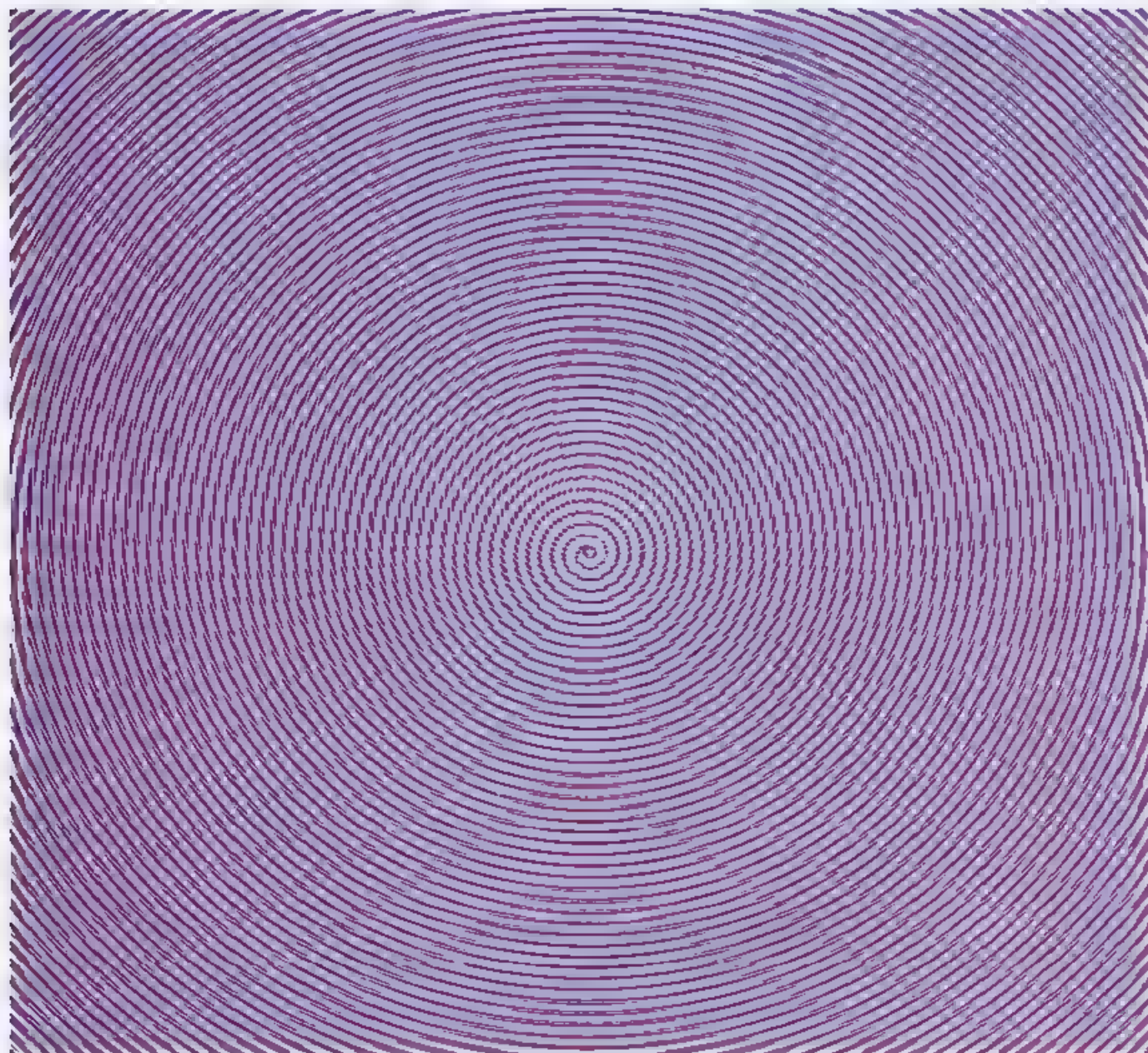
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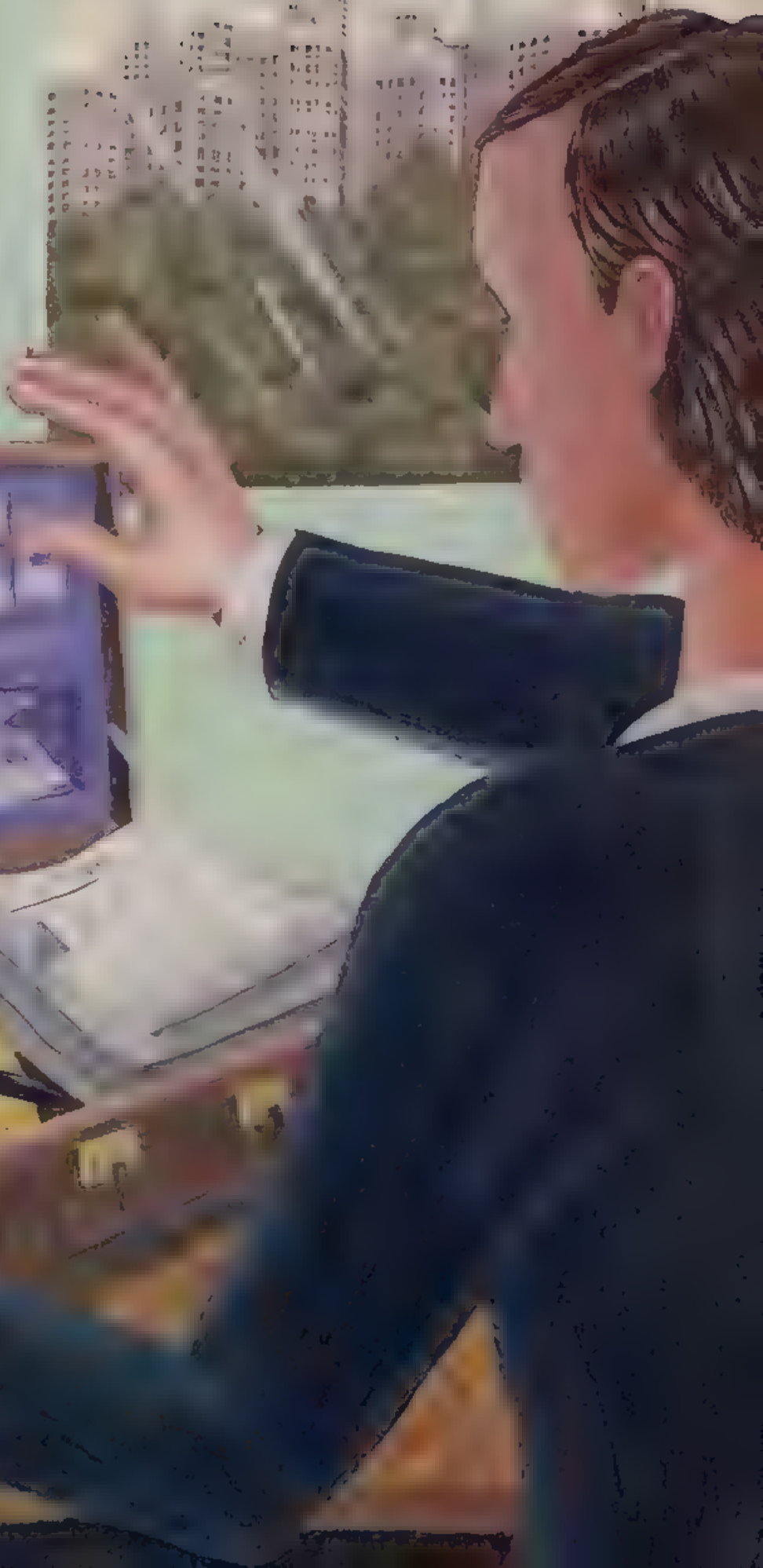
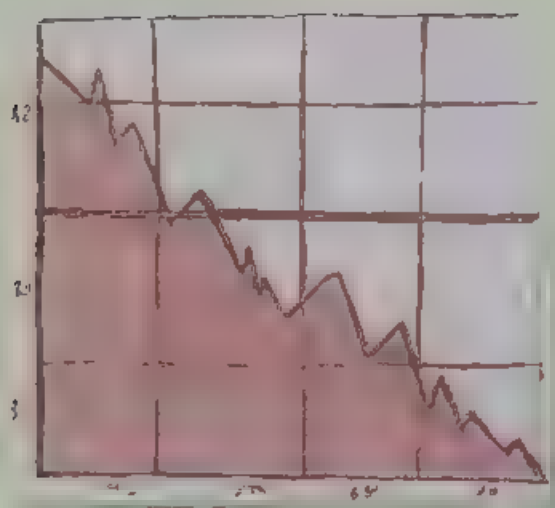
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Confessions of a

YUPPIE JUNKIE

by "J.G., Jr."

Illustrations by Mark Strathy

He's young. He's successful. He's hooked.

A few months ago, *Newsweek* proclaimed 1985 "The Year of the Yuppie." I guess that means this is my year. *Newsweek* defined a yuppie as a young urban professional making \$40,000 a year or more. Well, I live in Manhattan, the veritable birthplace of yuppiedom, and I'm a professional advertising copywriter working for one of the world's biggest ad agencies, making more than \$50,000 per annum. I went to Andover prep school and Columbia University. My favorite mode of dress includes a blue blazer, gray slacks, pink oxford shirt, striped tie and penny loafers. I even belong to a trendy health club.

But there's one important difference between me and the vast majority of yuppies, one thing that makes me almost an alien in the yuppie world. I am a junkie, a yuppie junkie.

Don't get me wrong—I'm no junkie-come-lately. I'm not some trendy stockbroker who jumped on the smackwagon in the '80s along with so many New York scenemakers, or a David Kennedy-type rich kid who dabbled in dope but couldn't hack it. No way. I began using heroin in 1968 when I was a freshman at Columbia University, and my opiate odyssey has continued off and on—mostly on—for almost 20 years. In that time I have shot up in the back alleys of Brooklyn and snorted in posh offices on Park Avenue. I've ventured into neighborhoods where most men fear to tread and hobnobbed in society circles most people only dream about. I've shot smack with desperate, poverty-stricken ghetto-dwellers and equally desperate, trust-funded preppies. I've scored in slimy public restrooms thick with the stench of urine and in glamorous penthouses rife with the trappings of wealth. In all of these settings I've come to realize the omnipotence of opiates, the power of these drugs to make men and women willing slaves to a force far stronger than themselves: the lure of oblivion. For that is the ultimate promise of junk and the ultimate goal of junkies: oblivion.

Stoned in the '60s

My first experiences with drugs were not much different than those of thousands of other young Americans in the mid-to-late '60s. In 1968 I was a lightweight student radical at Columbia University in uptown Manhattan, class of '72. I took part in protest marches and signed all the requisite petitions, but I was far more interested in testing the boundaries of altered consciousness than playing bullshit political games with ego-addled college leftists. The *issues* were important to me, but the issues often got lost in the infighting among the so-called radicals. Dope, on the other hand, was pure, unadulterated, antestablishment *fun*.

In those days I used pot, hash, LSD, STP, DMT, mescaline, MDA, psilocybin, the occasional amphetamine, barbiturates, cocaine and finally heroin.

I will never forget the first time I shot smack, or rather, the first time someone shot me up. I was living in an apartment building on New York's Lower East Side, just two blocks from St. Mark's Place, the epicenter of East Coast hippiedom. I wasn't really a hippie, just a college kid with a craving for kicks.

But as Paul Revere and the Raiders once sang, "Kicks just keep gettin' harder to find." Psychedelics were getting bor-

ing for me. I needed something *more*—a higher high, a stronger kick. When a friend confided that he knew someone who could score smack, I didn't hesitate for a moment. "Let's get some!"

That night we were in a seedy hotel room above St. Mark's Place. Our connection, Billy, was a white junkie in his mid-30s, a 15-year smack vet. He was happy to initiate two young newcomers to smack. "Welcome to the wonderful world of dope," Billy said after he shot up my friend. It wasn't the phony media image of some sleazy dealer gloating over the prospect of hooking some unsuspecting new customers. Our man Billy was just glad that there were some young dopers without the hipper-than-thou negative attitude that most hippies had about smack.

"These hippies shouldn't be so down on dope," Billy said matter-of-factly. "They don't know what they're missin'."

When it was my turn to get off, I tightened Billy's blood-spotted necktie around my upper arm. "Look at those veins," Billy said with mock-disgust as

my healthy veins popped up invitingly. "I hate your fuckin' veins. It takes me half-an-hour just to get a *glimpse* of vein."

I turned to my friend. "If my dad could only see me now," I said. And, indeed, this was my ultimate act of adolescent rebellion, the culmination of a lifetime spent frustrating and angering my father with my wiseguy ways. Sure, he'd gotten me to go to his prep school alma mater and his college, but I had managed to tarnish the family name whenever the opportunity arose, usually with antics relating to drinking, sex and misbehavior in and out of the classroom. Every time my dad thought I'd settled into a comfortable preppie mold, I would shatter the mold with an act of rebellion. And though dad wasn't aware of it, I was about to commit my ultimate anti-establishment act: shooting up heroin.

I looked away as Billy stuck the needle into my vein. He was hurt. "Don't you wanna watch?"

"No thanks."

"You'll learn, buddy," Billy assured me. "You'll learn."

I felt the rush immediately. A warm sensation spread through my body—not with quite the intensity of an orgasm, but an equally pleasurable feeling, one with a wonderful fringe benefit: the world was *mine*. Everything was under control, no problem could break through my opiate armor. My body felt exquisite, but my mind felt even better. I was invincible, omnipotent and unshakably cool.

"How ya feelin', kid?" It was Billy, speaking from another world, a world that no longer really mattered, the world outside of *me*. That is, me and my new best friend, heroin.

"I feel great, man. Totally cool. How 'bout you, my man?"

"Mellow as a cello," said Billy, who had just gotten off.

I was high for an eternity that first night, floating through worlds of pleasure and mystery that I previously could not even have imagined. And, unlike the inner journeys I'd taken on acid, on this trip I was the travel agent, totally in control of where I went and how long I stayed there.

As a junkie I met years later told me, "I signed up for *life*." That first night, I happily put my name on the dotted line, entering into a lifetime contract of chaos and cool. No down payment, no balloon payments at the end of the contract. But woe be to the man who misses a payment. Miss just one installment and you're quickly punished, punished so severely that you will do almost any-

I used pot,
hash, LSD, STP,
DMT, MDA,
psilocybin,
barbiturates,
cocaine and
heroin. Dope
was pure, anti-
establishment
fun.



thing to make sure you can meet the next payment.

But I didn't know all the terms of the contract that first night. I just knew that I wanted a ride in that shiny, new, candy-apple red, all-options-included, push-button-powered Cadillac convertible of the mind. That ride would take me to many strange and wonderful places, with desperate detours down back-alleys where fear was my constant companion.

For tips on how to spot a yuppie junkie, turn to page 50!

Along the way, I've accumulated a million stories, far too many to tell here. But I'll tell as many as I can in the space allowed—all the hits that fit—and I'll cover the points I feel are most important about my opiate odyssey. The first two points deal exclusively with dope, the last three with subjects closely related to dope but also charged with broader implications for life itself. The five points are Scoring, Getting High, Violence, Sex and Death.

Scoring

Back in the '30s, a famous cruise ship line advertised its tours with the slogan "Getting There Is Half The Fun." The same is true of heroin—getting it is half the trip. The challenge of scoring smack is a modern-day adventure fraught with excitement, peril and uncertainty. No matter how solid a connection seems, no matter how plentiful the supply or how easy the access, *nothing lasts*. There will always come a day when you or your connection will get busted, or ripped off, or be unable to cop, or fall victim to any one of a thousand other junk-related calamities.

But for the last three years, I have had what every junkie dreams about: a solid, steady, *trustworthy* connection. Leroy is a black man in his late 40s with an attractive wife and a devilishly cute two-year-old son. Leroy's family life, along with his righteous code of ethics, makes him a world-class connection. Unlike most junkies, he can't just rip you off and disappear till things cool out. His stable family situation precludes that. Leroy is, in junkie parlance, "good people." He is also a 30-year veteran of the smack scene who has been on methadone maintenance since 1964.

One day I was scheduled to present the mock-up of an important newspaper ad to a bigtime Broadway producer at the theater where his new play was in rehearsal. The meeting was scheduled for three in the afternoon. The theater was a mere two blocks away from the semi-seedy Times Square hotel where Leroy lives, so I decided to combine business with pleasure. I called Leroy to see if I could meet him after I finished with the producer.

"I gotta split in about an hour to recop," Leroy told me apologetically. "I just sold my last bag. I prob'ly won't be back till late tonight."

"Late tonight" was far too late for me. I knew I'd need a hit as soon as I was done with my pressure-packed meeting. I checked my Rolex watch. In less than half-an-hour I was due to meet with one of our most important clients, a man whose name on our client list brought the agency a great deal of prestige and many new customers.

But I also had another, more important meeting scheduled. In a few hours it would be feeding time for what William Burroughs called the "junk-hungry cells," time to make the daily payment on my smack contract.

"If I get over there right away, you

/ continued on page 57



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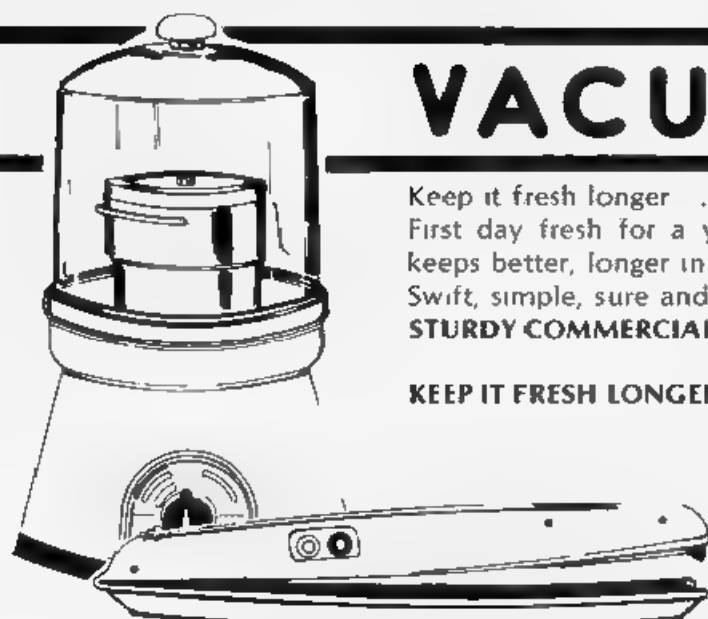
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Photo by Frank Gergoni / Contact

While climbing in the Colorado Rockies, ROB SCHUITHEIS fell from Mount Neva's 12,814-foot peak. Miraculously he lived. The extraordinary high which followed that brush with death led him to investigate the altered states of consciousness in high-risk endurance sports.

Bone Games

is the story of his attempt to recreate that elusive and mystifying high, as well as his search for an explanation of its origins.

I wanted to find my way back to that supernal state I had literally fallen into on Mount Neva; I wanted to trace a map of that inner space of 100 percent awareness and poise, beside which the rest of my life was like a muffled, mummified, musty daydream, a case of endless low-grade spiritual influenza.

It seemed to me that the possibilities and potentialities were tremendously exciting. What, I asked myself if one could tap into that tremendous energy at will, or even just more often, both in and out of games? Too much Nietzsche on the brain, perhaps, but I couldn't let the idea go. I imagined a kind of Zen *Uebermensch*, senses keyed to the absolute optimum, equilibrium of an archangel, dancing through life with the greatest of ease. . . too much Carlos Castaneda/Don Juan on the brain, too, perhaps: every man a shaman, and God talking to all. But how could I deny the power, and the authenticity, of what had happened to me up there? I had had It, that nameless unthing that once caused Lewis Carroll to write:

Where life becomes a Spasm,
And History a Whiz:
If that is not Sensation,
I don't know what it is.

Had had It, and wanted It again. What made it incredibly tantalizing was that It, the magic, was somewhere inside me; It had always been there, I felt, and It always would be until the day I died: dormant, waiting to be awakened by an instant of panic, danger, total desperation.

Well, I thought, I would find a way of awakening it again and grasping it, using it, or I would try to, anyway. It was a search well worth the effort. My body and mind seemed to me to be like the New World in 1491: a whole lost continent of unknown treasures, waiting to be explored, charted, brought to light. There were many potential maps, of course—physiological, psychological, biochemical, theological, and anthropological, to name a few; I would run through them all, and more if necessary, till I found the right one or ones: till I found the way back.

I began to look for clues in the most obvious place, the experiences of other adventurers and extreme athletes. If risk and stress had squeezed a kind of satori out of me on Neva, it stood to reason others had had the same kind of expe-

rience in similar circumstances; and if they had, perhaps by examining them case by case I might be able to put together an etiology of stress-triggered peak performance and ecstasy: a grammar of abracadabra.

As it turned out, there were plenty of cases similar to mine. John Muir, for instance: the great pioneer backwoodsman and naturalist was solo-climbing Mount Ritter, in the Sierra Nevada, when he found himself stranded high on a cliff face. Unable to move up or down, frozen with terror, "I seemed suddenly to become possessed of a new sense," Muir recollected later. "The other self, bygone experience, instinct, or Guardian Angel—call it what you will—came forward and assumed control. Then my trembling became firm again, every rift and flaw [in the rock] was seen as through a microscope, and my limbs moved with a positiveness and a precision with which I seemed to have nothing at all to do. Had I been borne aloft upon wings, my deliverance could not have been more complete." He climbed to the top with unbelievable ease.

Charles Lindbergh fighting to stay awake during his 1926 solo flight from New York to Paris, was visited by a kind of personified version of stress-induced strength: he described this almost supernatural visitation in detail in his book *The Spirit of St. Louis*:

While I'm staring at the instruments, during an unearthly age of time, both conscious and asleep, the fuselage behind me becomes filled with ghostly presences—vaguely outlined forms, transparent, moving, riding weightless with me in the plane. I feel no surprise at their coming. . . Without turning my head I see them as clearly as though in my normal field of vision. There's no limit to my sight.

These "friendly vaporlike shapes . . . emanations from the experience of ages, inhabitants of a universe closed to mortal men," as Lindbergh described them, spoke to Lindbergh, helping him with his navigation, giving him "messages of importance unattainable in ordinary life." Lindbergh felt his own body dissolve in the presence of the spirits; he felt invulnerable, transfused with their intangible power. The unearthly phantoms helped the young pilot through the worst part of his flight, the dark night of both body and soul, and then dissolved away into air.

Athletes and adventurers have been stumbling on these kinds of mystical experiences for years, but it wasn't until the 1960s and '70s that a few hard-core runners,

/ continued on page 74



Photo by Mike Bonington / Contact

The War Again

Edited by David HersHKovits

Photos by Wide World

When South Africa's Nationalist Party came to power in 1948, it wrote into law the policy of racial segregation that had operated since British colonial times. While many African states gained freedom as sovereign states in the 1960s, South Africa's white minority has continued to exploit and oppress the black majority—even after supposed decolonialization in 1961. The United States government refuses to take a confrontational stance against the racist government—probably because U.S. investments in South Africa are second only to those of Britain. Last year, black South African antiapartheid activist Archbishop Desmond Tutu was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. His subsequent visit to the United States sparked a new wave of protests and direct actions against apartheid and the United States' complicity with the South African government. In South Africa, protests continue as the majority fights for its rights.



Detroit mayor Coleman Young and Randall Robinson lead pickets.



Protests and Arrests

Black leaders, community activists, legislators, labor leaders, and others are now putting their bodies on the line to protest South Africa's racist regime. The protestors are linking arms, singing, and getting hauled away in police vans—all to dramatize opposition to the South African apartheid policy, one which officially separates the Caucasian, black, Indian and "colored" races.

Every day for the last few months, demonstrators have marched against apartheid in front of the South African embassy on Massachusetts Avenue in Washington, D.C. In January, Senator Lowell P. Weicker, Jr. (R-Conn.) became the first U.S. senator to be arrested in these "Free South Africa" demonstrations.

"Silence has been an ally of apartheid and this is what this demonstration is all about," Weicker said in a brief news conference shortly before he was taken into custody in front of the embassy. By February, over 500 arrests had been made.

The antiapartheid movement has galvanized progressive support in this country like no social issue since the '60s. Demonstrations have now spread from Washington to 14 other U.S. cities. (Even some prominent conservatives, including 35 members of Congress, have expressed their opposition to apartheid.) Since then, black members

of Congress, District of Columbia officials, labor union officials and well-known celebrities and athletes like Arthur Ashe and Harry Belafonte have joined protesters outside the Washington embassy. Organized by TransAfrica, the black American lobby for Africa and the Caribbean, these demonstrations and other protests and acts of civil disobedience are expected to continue throughout the year.

Other people who have subjected themselves to arrest include: D.C. Delegate Walter Fauntroy; U.S. Civil Rights Commissioner Mary Berry; Rep. John Conyers (D-Mich.); Rep. Ronald Delums (D-Calif.); Yolanda King; Mayor Richard Hatcher of Gary, Indiana, Dick Gregory, Rory and Douglas Kennedy; James Farmer; James G. Abourzek; Gloria Steinem; Roger Wilkins; Ralph Abernathy III; Marc Stepp, United Automobile Workers vice president; Coleman Young; and Ramsey Clark.

□

For more information on the anti-apartheid struggle and how to get involved, write TransAfrica, 545 Eighth Street, S.E., Suite 200, Washington, DC 20003; or call them at (202) 547-2550.

st Apartheid



Stevie Wonder's Valentine's Day protest was an "expression of love" for apartheid foes.



Rep. Ron Dellums (D-Cal.) is arrested at the South African embassy.

Pols and Policies

On a recent trip to South Africa, Senator Edward Kennedy was not made as welcome as was his brother Robert, who visited there in 1966. Wherever Kennedy spoke, the Azanian People's Organization (AZAPO) told him to go home. According to AZAPO chairperson Ishmail Mkhabela, "In our view, Ken-

nedy is an agent of imperialism and is no different from a Ronald Reagan."

One of Kennedy's hosts, bishop Desmond Tutu, said that Kennedy had "stirred things up."

Kennedy's mixed reception points to a debate within the black antiapartheid struggle: Are white liberals beneficial to the cause?

At present, Reverend Jesse Jackson is negotiating for a visa to visit South Africa, after his application for one was denied by the State Department a number of times in the last two years, most recently last January.

Due to Jackson's efforts against U.S.

support of apartheid, the 1984 Democratic National Platform included a section that records a commitment to "reverse the Reagan administration's failed policy of constructive engagement and strongly and unequivocally oppose the apartheid regime." Specifics of the proposed policy include enforcement of the arms embargo; a ban on all new loans to the South African government and on all new investments and loans to the private sector; a ban on the sale or transfer of sophisticated computers and nuclear technology; the withdrawal of landing rights for South African aircraft; and the increase of effective sanctions against South Africa unless it grants independence to Namibia and abolishes apartheid.



The Facts

Forced Removals: Since 1960, the South African government has removed 3.5 million blacks from white areas to areas designated for blacks. At least one million more Africans have been forcibly relocated within the bantustans (the fragmented areas—"homelands" or "national states"—designated for black South Africans).

The Abolition of Passes Act: This applies only to black Africans and is the key to the administration of apartheid and labor control: all black Africans over the age of 16 are required to be fingerprinted and carry a passbook at all times with a record of bantustan identification, employment, permits to enter white areas, taxes and racial status.

Prison Population: South Africa has the highest per capita prison population in the world, with 440 people jailed for every 100,000 of the population. (The equivalent figure for the U.S. is 189.) Forty percent of the South African prison population consists of people convicted of "pass law violations," "crimes" only black Africans can commit.

The Internal Security Act of 1982 allows:

- 1) indefinite *incommunicado* detention without charge or trial

- 2) the outlawing of any organization alleged to be threatening to public safety or order
- 3) the prohibition of the printing or dissemination of any periodical or any publication
- 4) the prohibition of any gathering or meeting
- 5) random police searches
- 6) the curtailment of travel rights of any person, and restriction of rights of communication, association and participation in any activity (banning).

Further, it is illegal under this act to render any assistance to any campaign, at home or abroad, that protects or seeks to modify or repeal any law if such a campaign furthers the aims of a banned organization.

Apartheid allows 4.5 million whites to exercise near total domination over 27 million black people.

To be black in South Africa means:

- You have no vote and have no say in how the government is run.
- You must have a government permit to live or work in the 87 percent of South Africa designated by law for whites only. Blacks may not purchase land in white areas.
- You earn about 25 percent of what a white person makes.

Dollars vs. Duty

The political and economic actions taken against South Africa are being backed up by a cultural boycott by Artists and Athletes Against Apartheid and by the UN-published "Register of Entertainers, Actors and Others Who Have Performed in Apartheid South Africa."

Among the personalities who have worked in South Africa are: Pierre Cardin; the Vienna Boys Choir; Elke Sommer; Shirley Bassey;



Rotten Rod Stewart



Na Na; Linda Ronstadt; Kenny Rogers; Barry Manilow; Elton John; K.C. and the Sunshine Band; Malcolm McLaren; Queen; Leo Sayer; Rod Stewart; Rick Wakeman; Paul Anka; the Beach Boys; Glen Campbell; Clarence Carter; Cher; Chicago; Rita Coolidge; and Chick Corea. Also, Milos Forman; David Haselhof; Audrey and Judy Landers; and Ann-Margret.

Olympic Outcasts

South Africa's efforts to be represented at the Olympic Games and other major competitions has been repeatedly thwarted by the collective opposition of

sports administrators from African, Asian, Latin American and Eastern European countries. There are efforts, however, to circumvent the rules. Zola Budd, a white South African long-distance runner, was granted British citizenship in a record-breaking 10 days in order to qualify for the British Olympic team.

In its attempt to isolate South Africa from the international community as a means of exerting pressure on the government, the United Nations Centre Against Apartheid maintains a Register of Sports Contacts with South Africa which includes names of organizations from around the world that have sponsored events where South Africans participated, as well as a list of athletes who have competed there.



White Resistance

Radical opposition to racial domination from within South Africa's white community goes back to the nineteenth century. Though whites have not been generally welcome in the black political organizations fighting apartheid, they are gradually being accepted, as the need for a radical coalition increases in significance. Today, the radical white community in South Africa is larger than ever before, and still growing, according to reports. It includes lawyers, journalists, teachers, academics, trade union advisors, agricultural experts and others.

Sources consulted in compiling this piece: *New York Times*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Washington Post*, *Fortune*, *New Republic*, *McLean's*, *Black Enterprise*, *Jet*, *Progressive*, *The Guardian*, *TransAfrica*, United Nations Economic and Social Council, United Nations Centre Against Apartheid, The American Committee on Africa.



Nelson Mandela

For over two decades, Nelson Mandela, South Africa's best-known black nationalist leader, has languished in prison. Sentenced in 1964 to life imprisonment on charges of sabotage and plotting a violent revolution, the leader of the outlawed African National Congress (ANC) remains the most potent symbol of South Africa's long black liberation struggle.

In February of this year, Mandela turned down the South African government's latest offer to conditionally release him from jail. Previously, Mandela had spurned offers that would have released him to Transkei, one of the so-called "independent" homelands in which the white minority government is resettling more than 3.5 million blacks in an attempt to blunt revolutionary fervor. This time, President P.W. Botha said that Mandela could go free in the Republic of South Africa if he "does not make himself guilty of planning, instigating or committing acts of violence for the furtherance of political objectives, but will conduct himself in such a way that he will not again have to be arrested."

Mandela, speaking in a rare interview, the first since the '60s, said that his armed followers would call a truce in their war against white rule only if the authorities "legalize us, treat us like a political party and negotiate with us. Until they do, we will have to live with the armed struggle." Until then, Mandela remains the strongest focus of the black majority's oppression and hopes, and a continuing embarrassment to the racist government.

Desmond Tutu

The winner of the 1984 Nobel Peace Prize, Desmond M. Tutu was recently enthroned as Johannesburg's first black Anglican bishop. Despite his prominence as an international figure, the 53-year-old bishop does not enjoy two of the privileges traditionally accorded to a person of his rank: the opportunity to live in the affluent, whites-only suburb of Westcliff, and membership in the racially segregated Rand Club in Johannesburg.

In his acceptance speech, he called for an end to the system of migratory labor; the scrapping of controls limiting the number of black people in white urban areas; an end to de-nationalization of blacks and forced population removals. "These conditions should be implemented within 18 to 24 months," he said. "The onus is on the government. I give notice that, if in 18 to 24 months from today, apartheid has not been dismantled or is not being actively dismantled, [then]... I myself call for punitive economic sanctions whatever the legal consequences may be for doing so."

Campaigning in favor of divestment is illegal in South Africa.



Dennis Brutus

*Their sporting prowess and esteem
This I have attacked and blasted
unforgettably*

*Nowhere else does apartheid exact so bitter a price
Nowhere else does the world so demonstrate its disgust
In nothing else are the deprivors so deprived.*

As President of the South African Non-Racial Olympic Committee, poet Dennis Brutus was a banned man in his homeland. He started the committee because blacks were barred from their nation's Olympic team. On his way to confer with the International Olympic Committee visiting South Africa in May, 1963, Brutus was arrested and sentenced to hard labor. Now, twenty years later—and living in the U.S. under political asylum—the South African poet laureate in exile continues to speak out against apartheid.

/ continued on page 68



desperately seeking susan (seidelman)



Photo by Andy Schwartz

by Deborah B. Brown

M

adonna looked as though she had just stepped out of the shower. Her hair was still wet as she bolted into her trailer dressing room from the car that delivered her, late, to the set. Earlier, actress Rosanna Arquette had spent several hours getting out of a cab and walking into the Magic Club, a camera and film crew recording her every move.

"They are two different kinds of women, almost a classical division of the bad girl and the good girl," says director Susan Seidelman, discussing her new film *Desperately Seeking Susan*.

Madonna, the notorious "Boy Toy" chart topper, is making her film debut as Susan, a funky city girl who has a knack for getting by with a little help from her friends. "She's manipulative and lives on instincts," Seidelman says of Susan. "She's not terribly concerned about how she gets by, she just cares about getting by. You are fascinated by the way she is so clever and able to survive" Seidelman pauses and nods. "Madonna plays somebody who I'm sure she could relate to."

Arquette, who appeared in John Sayles' *Baby It's You* and Martin Scorsese's latest film, *After Hours*, is one of the freshest and busiest rising stars of the screen. (She was also the real-life inspiration for Toto's hit single, "Rosanna.") She plays Roberta, a bored New Jersey housewife drawn by the mystery and excitement of Susan. "In some ways Roberta represents the good girl, almost too good, and Susan symbolizes the street



Photo by Herb Ritts



Photo by Andy Schwartz

● Seidelman consults with cameraman on the *Susan* set.

girl," says the 32-year-old director. "What the script is about is integrating those two aspects of somebody's personality into one, a sort of synthesis," Seidelman adds between sips of green tea in a fashionable Soho boite, where "Like a Virgin" is playing loudly on the radio. "Is that Madonna?" she asks.

SUSAN SEIDELMAN did not grow up eating, drinking and sleeping film. Her decision to become a director came late. While studying to be a fashion designer, she needed an extra course in order to graduate. She took a film criticism class that led to a decision against a career in fashion: "I didn't want to sit around, sketch clothes and sew." Working at a television station outside Philadelphia as a programmer, she realized that scheduling reruns of *I Love Lucy* stunted creative growth. "On a lark I applied to film schools," she says, and eventually chose New York University.

There, she won a Student Academy Award for her film, *And You Act Like One, Too*, a satire about a married woman in a domestic rut. She later received a grant from the American Film Institute and directed *Deficit*. Soon after that, she won a Silver Plaque at the Chicago Film Festival for her direction of *Yours Truly, Andrea G. Stern*. After graduating, Seidelman began work on *Smuthereens* in 1980 with a seven-week shooting schedule and an \$80,000 budget. In 1982, with *Smuthereens*, the 29-year-old Seidelman was the only American, indepen-

dent and female director in the Cannes Film Festival main event.

SEIDELMAN SAYS she directs film as a way of exploring different personas. Her characters, the "good girls" and "bad girls," appear to be aspects of herself writ large on the screen. For *Smuthereens* she chose, from among a hundred actresses who auditioned for the lead role of Wren, another "Susan," Susan Berman, who could pass as Seidelman's sister. About the lead characters in *Desperately Seeking Susan*, she says, "I can connect with both Susan and Roberta because there's a bit of me in each of them."

In both *Smuthereens* and *Desperately Seeking Susan*, the main characters are from New Jersey and want to be somewhere else. Seidelman grew up in a Pennsylvania suburb, a place where she felt she did not want to spend the rest of her life.

A fascination with bad girls was at the heart of Seidelman's first feature *Smuthereens*, a low-budget independent film that brought the former fashion designer and television programmer immediate critical acclaim and high praise at film festivals such as Cannes. It also paved the way for the deal she now has with Orion Pictures.

Smuthereens focused on the misadventures of "Wren," a street-wise girl desperately desiring celebrity in the punk world pulsating in lower Manhattan. Wren is aggressive, abrasive and engaging. Her dream is to sit by a swimming pool in Southern California, eating tacos and signing autographs. Seidelman says, "Wren's story is the fragmented nature of life in the 1980s" ... or as David Lee Roth would say, "It's a dog eat dog world, and you have to decide if you're going to be a hot dog or a weenie."

Seidelman was involved with all aspects of making *Smuthereens*. To finance the project, she used up her savings and "begged, borrowed and stole" from friends and family. She also convinced the crew (mostly her New York University Film School compatriots) and cast to work on a deferred salary basis. Two weeks into the filming, Berman fell off a fire escape and broke her leg. But Seidelman's resolve remained unbroken;

"Madonna has an incredible face," says Seidelman. "A face you would like to look at blown up 50 feet high."

she used the four-month delay to raise additional funds. Her resourcefulness came in handy for many sequences in the film. For the shots in the New York City subway, she and the crew sneaked in at 2 A.M., hiding a camera in a travel bag and avoiding transit cops. If that weren't enough, she had to take the film to the lab and provide refreshments for cast and crew. "I was nice enough to make the coffee."

NOW SEIDELMAN has other people to make the coffee. She has the backing of a major Hollywood company, Orion, to the tune of \$4 million, and a seasoned crew. But Seidelman remains nervous. "It was the first time I had worked with the union," she recalls. "My impression of the crew was that it was going to be a bunch of sixty-year-old guys smoking cigars and not really caring about the product. I was incredibly impressed by the fact that the crew was as cooperative and into the movie as they were."

The crew's involvement came out on the set. Makeup artist Richard Dean, who had just finished work on Francis Ford Coppola's *Cotton Club*, explained, "In film, the question is continuity." In one scene, Madonna is riding in a cab driven by Rockets Redglare, a sometime comedian who appeared briefly in Jim Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise* and was Sid Vicious' bodyguard at the time of the ex-Pistol's worst misfortunes. "At the time of shooting the scene, he had a very ripe pimple on his cheek," Dean said. "Susan decided the pimple would add to his character, so I didn't put any corrective makeup on it. After a few days we decided to reshoot part of the scene, but his pimple had popped—so I made an identical pimple."

Dean, who is the staff makeup artist for the TV programs *Saturday Night Live* and *Late Night with David Letterman*, discussed the subtle psychology behind the makeup for *Desperately Seeking Susan*. For scenes shot in the fictitious "Magic Club," "the waitresses' and dancers' makeup is never blended or finished. Some of the characters forget to put foundation on their necks. That's all intentional. It's a kind of defiance, because they hate their job."

"With the principal characters, we apply eyeliner, mascara and a mauve shadow," Dean explained, illustrating his point on Madonna. She looked tough, wearing an orange T-shirt that exposed

her belly, black spandex pants, fishnet gloves, shades, a TV/radio/everything-but-the-kitchen-sink watch and a silver star pinned to her flame-colored headband.

"Don't forget my orange lipstick," Madonna instructed Dean with a suggestive finger to her lips.

"Madonna brings a certain aura of innocence and coquettishness to Susan," says Seidelman. "She has an incredible face, almost like vintage movie stars like Garbo and Dietrich. A face you

would like to look at blown up 50 feet high and 30 feet wide."

A crowd that had gathered outside the Magic Club seemed excited by the chance to watch Madonna make her move from video vamp to screen legend.

The Magic Club has been set up in the old Audubon Ballroom, a dilapidated but spacious three-story building near Harlem that received its footnote in history when Malcolm X was shot to death there in February, 1965. Twenty years later, Seidelman and crew are



Photo by Herb Ritts

shooting Madonna and Arquette. The neighbors seemed pleased.

Madonna and Anna Levine, who plays Chrystal, sat together on a green davenport. Seidelman stood in front of them while they rehearsed their lines. The scene looked a lot like a cigarette commercial—Madonna the sensuous blonde with legs crossed and a cigarette in hand. The image was dispelled when Madonna threw the cigarette to the ground, saying, "Cigarettes are disgusting." You've come a long way, bad girl.

NOT OFTEN will you find a producer lurking about a movie set. On that score, *Desperately Seeking Susan* is decidedly different from most films. "We didn't want to just hand the script over," explained co-producer Midge Sanford. "We also have a concept of the movie and didn't want to throw it away."

Sanford and Sarah Pillsbury are making their debut as producers with *Desperately Seeking Susan*. They acquired the script three years ago from their friend, Leora Barish. She created the character of Roberta with the fantasy-

prone Pillsbury in mind. They chose Seidelman to direct, because "Susan has a strong visual sense," according to Sanford. At times, however, the producers and the director disagreed. A minor altercation occurred over the removal of an earring along with a bouffant wig—the issue being whether the earring should be attached to the wig or not. "She makes offbeat choices; they are beautifully interesting," Sanford says. But, she adds, "The choices would be safer if she were a mainstream director."

The idea of becoming a slick Hollywood director makes Seidelman fidget. After all, she fancies films by French New Wave director Jean-Luc Godard. "I like the energy and rawness of his films. The thing about *Desperately Seeking Susan* is that raw element. When movies are too packaged, I'm often bored." Like many of those early '60s New Wave directors, Seidelman shot *Smithereens* in 16mm and later blew up the film, a process which gives the film image a raw texture. Other New Wave techniques are prominent in Seidelman's work: improvised scenes, natural

lighting, handheld cameras and a jagged, elliptical style of editing.

THE TITLE *Desperately Seeking Susan*, "was there before I was ever involved with it. I was shown the script. I'm superstitious, so I thought maybe I should do this movie."

Seidelman was drawn by its plot, which juxtaposes the lifestyle of a suburban housewife with that of a savvy ingenue in Manhattan's East Village. Roberta, the housewife, follows a love affair carried out in a newspaper personal ad by a young man "desperately seeking" a woman named Susan. Roberta becomes curious. In an attempt to witness a rendezvous of the lovers, the housewife becomes caught up and eventually begins to believe herself to be Susan. "The idea of a woman taking over another woman's personality—in kind of an identity transfer—appealed to me. I couldn't do anything if I didn't feel personally involved with it." Does Seidelman read "personals"? She only smiles.

"The tone of the movie is the most important thing, the feeling of the whole piece," Seidelman points out. "In *Desperately Seeking Susan*, I didn't want to be realistic. I wanted its characters to be very real but the situations they find themselves in to be unreal."

"Someone once told me that the difference between comedy and farce is that in comedy, you have real people in unreal situations. In farce, you have unreal people, like cartoons, in real situations. For example, Bill Murray in movies like *Caddyshack* or *Stripes*. The characters he plays are bizarre cartoon-like people in supposedly real-life situations. That appeals to me less. I prefer real people on the screen and the world around them a little bit off-centered."

Seidelman refers to the scene on the couch. Madonna as Susan consoles her friend Chrystal, who has just been fired from a job at the Magic Club. This private moment takes place in the middle of Broadway on a busy afternoon with both characters oddly dressed. "Throughout the film, we tried to find situations that, by the way we shot them—using colored filters, for example—or by the kind of clothing worn, or just the tone of the scene, make the scene somewhat twisted."

Seidelman has been praised for her use of oddball characters in subsidiary roles. Among the performers who bring

Seidelman's "good girls" and "bad girls" appear to be aspects of herself writ large.



Photo by Herb Ritts



Photo by Herb Ritts

their unique personalities to the new film in small parts are Anne Carlisle, who played the female *and* male leads in the new wave sci-fi cult classic *Liquid Sky*; Richard Edson from the band Konk, who plays a leading role in *Stranger Than Paradise*; and Richard Hell, whose bad attitude and recording career were emulated by Wren in *Smuthereens*.

SEIDELMAN IS ALSO recognized for her ability to depict unadorned female characters. About *Desperately Seeking Susan*, she says, "The one thing I find really interesting about the project

is that there is obviously an awful lot of women involved in the production, but it's not coming across like a heavy, feminist, we-have-got-to-make-a-statement-about-women-struggling film. It's much more playful. The best way to get across a point anyway is with humor and irony.

"I have a female sensibility, but I wouldn't want to lock myself into just doing films about young women from New Jersey," she laughs. Her next project involves a girl group, along the lines of the Shangri-las. Chances are they won't be from New Jersey.

Seidelman has achieved much of what

her heroines set out to do. She has successfully transplanted herself from a Pennsylvania suburb to a loft in Soho, the Beverly Hills of New York's vibrant art community. She lives only a few blocks from Madonna, who has worked *her* way up from the squalor of a tenement on Fourth Street and Avenue B to a spacious Soho apartment with a view of a postmodern Mona Lisa mural painted on a neighboring building. Seidelman's success shows that a woman does not have to bump along the bad-girl route to reach her Shangri-la. The trip can be . . . just like a movie! □

HOW TO SPOT A YUPPIE JUNKIE



Yuppie Mind
(empty)

David Kennedy
Memorial Button

Old School Tie
(great for
tying off veins)

Shortwave Walkman
(picks up police calls)

White-Collar Worker
(3-martini lunch;
dope with dinner)

Blue Blazer
(Daddy would approve)

Rolex Watch
(easy to pawn)



Stash Racket
(squash racket with
secret compartment
for carrying drugs)

Jumbo Syringe
(for those extra-
stressful workdays)

Bags of Dope
(won't leave home
without 'em)



No Sex Drive

Penniless Penny Loafers
(spent his last
cent on dope)

Tell Your Neighbors. Tell Your Friends. Be on the Alert!

Houseplant Hints for Herb

Dear Ed,

Here's a tip for your readers. I have been cloning plants for several years. I have tried various techniques, but

get close to 100 percent success when I put the cuttings in water, the same as I do with houseplants. For best results, I let the water sit for a day so the chlorine evaporates, and then I put four or five five-inch cuttings in the eight-ounce cup and place that under a fluorescent light,

so that the tops of the cuttings are about four inches from the tube.

First, I trim the sun leaves from the cuttings, and all of the leaves from the bottom two inches so that only the stems are in the water. I change the water every two days using aged water. After four days, I add two eye-dropper drops of fish emulsion fertilizer.

At 70 degrees, the cuttings root in one to two weeks.

—D.J.

Hershey, Pa.

Dear Ed,

Does cannabis have a root-system complex deep enough to stop soil erosion? I have some land that is fairly steep and prone to washing out during times of heavy rainfall. I was wondering if pot could and would stop my dirt from washing away.

—Gary B.

Iowa

Cultivated cannabis is not especially good at holding the soil. Usually the plants are spaced far apart, and there is a lot of bare soil. Weedy cannabis, which is on its own, grows closer together so that the root systems intertwine and together form a net, holding the soil particles. The weed also forms a dense canopy over the earth, protecting the earth

from direct hits by raindrops.

Cannabis has been used in other ways by farmers, though. Tall varieties were grown in double rows around the perimeters of fields to form fast-growing annual wind-breaks before the slower growing perennial trees reached adequate size.

Fields overrun with certain noxious weeds were either tilled and planted or broadcast-planted with cannabis. Since it outgrows most weeds and is tall and dense, the noxious weeds are choked out. The cannabis is cut just as it begins to flower to prevent it from seeding the field. This technique kills most weeds and weakens the rest enough so that they can be dealt with.

A modern technique that farmers use as a substitute involves laying down a sheet of black polyethylene in the spring as the sun gets stronger.

The sun's rays are absorbed by the plastic which heats up and heats the soil, causing the weed seeds to germinate. They are light-starved and die. Then the farmer plants a crop.

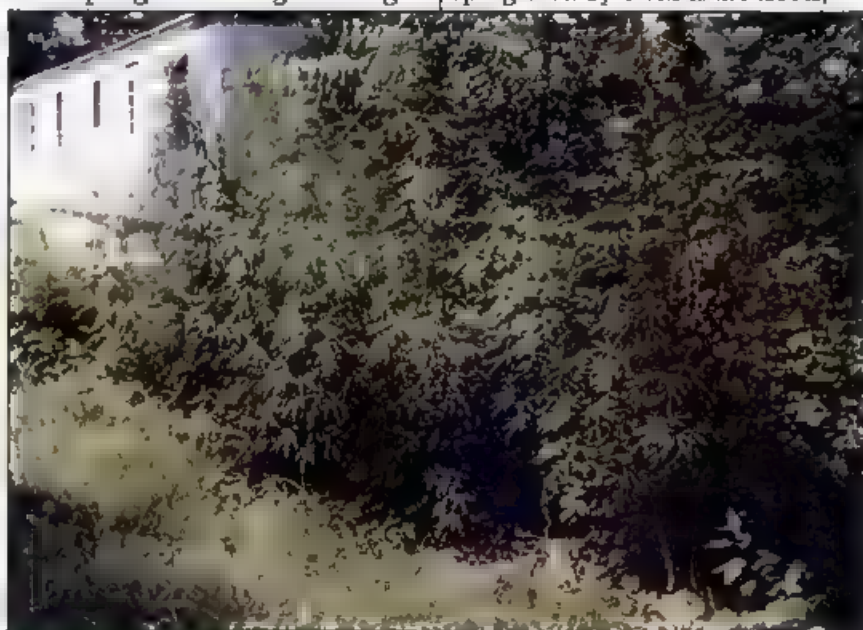
Dear Ed,

Two books which I read said that twisting or cutting the stem and then inserting a pebble increases resin production. Is this true?

—Mike A.

Northern Calif

The idea behind this myth is that resin production increases as a result of stress. The theory is that the resin protects the plant from environmental stresses such as heat, light and injury. From observation, I would say this is incorrect. The plant probably uses the resin to protect against predation on the developing seed by birds and insects,



● Garden of the Month

Here in lower Michigan our growing season is a lot shorter. I usually start my plants inside to give them a two-month start on the season. Over the past three years, I have succeeded in crossing a combination of some fine Colombian with Thai and some good Afghani stock.

—Anonymous

Michigan

A simple method of cloning can result in almost 100% success—and some very high plants.

and as an antibacterial agent.

Rather than a stressed plant, a healthy, vigorous plant produces the most THC.

Dear Ed,

I started some plants under a 1000 watt metal halide. They had super growth and when they got two feet tall, I triggered them to flower. After 10 days they indicated, and I judged 80 percent of them as females because they had female hairs and began to grow closer internodes. A week later seven of ten of the plants had opened male flowers. What made them change sex?

—John H.

North Carolina

It is unusual to have an 80/20 ratio of females to males. You probably mistook early male development for female. When looking at plants for early sexual differentiation, it is best to use a magnifying glass, photographer's loop or other magnifier.

Dear Ed,

In my biology class we learned about the Emerson effect, which is that flashing light helps photosynthesis to be more efficient. Would this help my plants?

—Mille

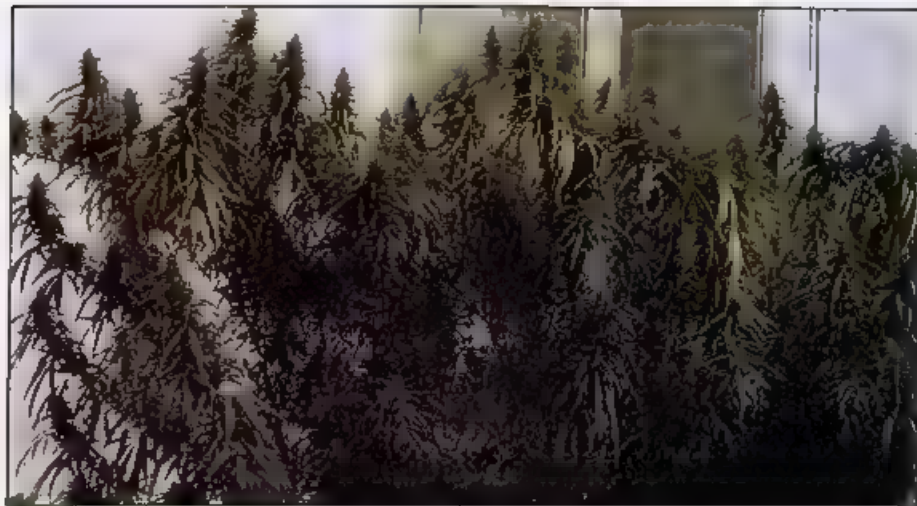
Norwalk, Conn.

This is a stumper for me. Anyone out there familiar with the Emerson effect? Please write and clue us in.

● Kevin Zeese, the Director of NORML, recently compiled a series of articles written for the NORML Lawyers Seminar. This book, published by NORML, is a fairly technical but understandable volume which contains sections on a number of topics including Resisting Government Pressures to Become an Informant; Cross-Examining an Informant; the Psychologist's Role in Sentencing; Probation and Parole; Jury Questionnaires; and Pre-Trial Motions. Many other topics are also included. Available from NORML, 2001 S St., NW, Washington, DC 20009, for \$60. The organization agreed to give HIGH TIMES readers a 10 percent discount. Mention my name and send only \$54.

● Listen magazine is published by an anti-marijuana group called Narcotics Education, Inc. This monthly just came to my attention,

/ continued on page 77



● Plant of the Month

This first generation Mexican produced 14 lbs the first harvest and three quarters of a pound the second harvest a month and a half later.

This plant was never transplanted or pruned, nor did it have its green sun leaves removed. The leaves were cut at the base and the benefits of wind protection from an eight foot wind at back yard. Plastic tarps were erected to protect the plants from the three rain events in the fall.

The plant grew in well composted aerated soil which was enriched with guano, rapeseed, chicken manure, blood meal, bone meal, egg shells, 1 lb of lime, worm castings and worm tea. It added the previous winter. A small bag of Tru-Bi-Max, bone meal and bone meal was added three weeks before planting in an area of sandy top soil layered on top.

I started the garden with roughly 100 seedlings, ranging down to eight main females and a few transplanted females. A full man and the perimeter. Fertilizer was put out in pots and started for use in hand-pollinating. Ground growing area was 12 by 15 feet. Except for a couple of sprayings with Luteal, I used sea seed to keep the bugs in check during the vegetative stage. There were no organic or chemical fertilizers added after the plants were started. I watered slow and deeply when plants showed first signs of wilting leaves. I did before.

Arizona Wildlife Animal Park

San Diego, Calif.



● Bud of the Month

How's about the second harvest? It was hydroponically grown in approximately 1 1/2 inch and a half in size. The current garden is 76 days old and is at the peak of its growth.

All Enterprises

Laurel, Cal.





Junior Walker

JAZZIN' IN THE "BIG EASY"

The New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival

by Janet Densmore

Photos by Michael Smith

IF A WORD COULD ENCOMPASS NEW ORLEANS MUSIC AND players, it would have to be sassy. One night at the Toulouse Theatre, the late James Carroll Booker, the notorious one-eyed piano prince, was playing a Professor Longhair piano solo when a naive and drunken tourist yelled out a request for the ubiquitous song, "When The Saints Go Marching In." Booker did not miss a note while he pulled out a .22 pistol and held everyone hostage for an entire movement of Rachmaninoff played alternately one-handed in classical and boogie-woogie styles. Then he waved the gun at the unlucky tourist and explained "Do I look like a goddamn jukebox? Next time you ask me for the 'Saints' you better be prepared to join 'em!" Regrettably, it was Booker who joined the Saints—or more likely, the devil in the deep blue sea.

WOODY ALLEN ONCE IDENTIFIED THE "CULTURAL ADVANCEMENT" of Los Angeles as a "right turn on red." Perhaps the New Orleans equivalent might be the "go-cup." Because here in the land of the go-cup no matter what you're drinking you can take it with you. "No need to go dry between watering holes," summed up Stephanie Samuel. She also reminded me that Woody Allen likes to appear around Jazz Fest time and sit in on clarinet with the great New Orleans players. Samuel has a tough job. She works for the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival helping to stage 300 live music acts on nine continuously running stages inside four circus tents and one gazebo. The event unfolds in the verdant, grassy infield of a '40s-era race track (they put the horses away, of course) called "the Fairgrounds." Samuel also gets to sample the food vendors' offerings of over 80 different local culinary delights: oyster patties, crabmeat artichoke rita, seafood gumbo, alligator sauce piquante, red

beans and rice, shrimp creole, crawfish—boiled, stewed, bisqued, or étouffée—catfish, soft-shelled crab, barbecued goat, chicken, ribs, Italian lemon ice, sweet potato pie, bread pudding with whiskey sauce, and chocolate-dipped fresh Louisiana strawberries.

HENRY MILLER HAD THIS TO SAY ABOUT NEW ORLEANS, a.k.a. "The Big Easy": "Here at last on this bleak continent the sensual pleasures assume the importance which they deserve." Though some may call it the "City That Care Forgot," there are at least two items we care about deeply: our food and our music. The optimum way to overload on both of these at once is to attend the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival (April 26–May 6). The Jazz Fest offices are located on Rampart Street, just a pigeon drop from Congo Square (now renamed, Louis Armstrong Park). Over a hundred years ago, Congo Square was the only place where slaves were allowed to freely convene on Sundays from sun-up to sundown. Here they slapped oppression in the face by creating the most powerful of American art forms. The common denominator among disparate tribes and dialects was the music. The wild drumming, dancing and chanting blended Afro-Caribbean roots into the present-day New Orleans "second-line" beat (a rhythm in which the second beat is syncopated, and a dance-form that defies description but is clearly contagious).

You can dance with the Secondliners through the crowds at Jazz Fest. They are easily identified by banners captioned "Social Aid and Pleasure" or S.A.A.P. for short: The Moneywasters, The Sconeboosters, The Gentleman of Leisure, The Calendar Girls. They will be following New Orleans legendary brass bands: The Olympia, the Onward, The Fairview Baptist, The Young Tuxedo or the outré



Fiddlin' Around: Gatemon Brown was stompin' and wailin' at last year's New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival. This year's fest promises to be more hot fun in the sun

geous Dirty Dozen, to name but a few. You might choose to go further back in time and fall under the hypnotic trance of the goatskin drum, cowbell and tin horn whistle, of the Saxon Superstars from Nassau, the Bahamas. These guys showed up last year in paper and confetti costumes with head gear resembling the Taj Mahal. They burned cans of sterno inside carpeted drum cylinders to keep their goatskins tight, then wrapped us in poly rhythms guaranteed to make you shake it till you break it. These local brothers are the Mardi Gras Indians—tribes like the Wild Eagles, Wild Magicians and Wild Tchoupitoulas, who don ostrich plumes and beaded aprons and, with tambourines and chants and plenty of firewater, bring African New Orleans-style to the fair

THE MUSICAL SMORGASBORD WHICH IS JAZZ FEST consists of two weekends of continuous music, food and crafts at the Fairgrounds from 11:00 A.M. - 7:00 P.M. interspersed with evening concerts in famous New Orleans theaters and aboard a real paddlewheel steamer, The President, which cruises up and down the lazy river. This year, it is rumored that Miles Davis and New Orleans' own Wynton Marsalis will be a double bill. Talk in music circles claims that Miles is not all that impressed by young Wynton, the only double-whammy Grammy winner in the world (jazz and classical). Perhaps that's because our native son hits too close to home. "Wynton's playing is reminiscent of early, early Miles," offered Leroy Jones, a trumpet player who knows. After-hours jam sessions are less expen-

sive forays into the musical experiment back of town," and well worth losing sleep over.

HEADLINERS AT THE UPCOMING FESTIVAL INCLUDE SARAH VAUGHAN, Clifton Chenier, Albert King and, of course, New Orleans' own The Neville Brothers. This is hardly a complete rundown of the music, which ranges from traditional jazz to fusion, to funk, from blues and R&B to Cajun, folk, zydeco, salsa, reggae, country & western, and prime offerings from Africa and the Caribbean. You'll hear big acts and more intimate solo performances. There is even a "kids tent," offering childcare and special entertainment for the very young at heart. So if your five-year-old isn't yet into bebop, you can drop him off for a set. Rumors of legends booked for this year's Jazz Fest circulate in New Orleans this time of year; professional fairgoers speak of Jazz Fest like vintage wine. "78 was the best." "No, '84 was better."

No matter who the headliners are, though, when I think of the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, I teleport myself right to the Gospel Tent on Sunday morning. I can see the faces of the Kennedy brothers and Martin Luther King on the backs of paper fans, waving welcome breezes, fans worked by women holding children and singing as if we could all die and go to heaven right now. The groups have celestial names like The Zion Harmonizers, the Gospel Soul Children, The Mighty Clouds of Joy.

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS WILL GET YOU A BUS TICKET TO THE Fairgrounds, and seven dollars will get you in, for seven hours of nonstop music, dance and food beyond compare. You can even gift-shop for your friends back home. The Coushatta Indians weave pine-needle baskets, Cajuns build fiddles, accordions, and progues (Louisiana's version of the dug-out canoe). Hundreds of craftspeople show their wares. There is even an entire African Bazaar, "Koindu," which features its own stage, showcasing performers and artisans. Before chivalry died, Southern gentlemen settled disputes by fighting duels with sword-canes. Charles Neville has pacified this dual item by crafting exquisitely carved pipe-canes. I like to stroll through the booths in the morning and let the breeze deliver music to guide my way (save the program for the afternoons when acts are too plentiful and special to be missed. People-watching is another joy at the chromosomal level: the varieties of dress and undress on parade). Bring plenty of suntan lotion and anticipate being overexposed to everything. Find out why we call it, "The Big Easy."

For detailed information, brochures and ticket order forms, send self-addressed stamped envelope to: New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, P.O. Box 2530, New Orleans, Louisiana 70176.

Yuppie

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think we could hit the street and score before three o'clock?" I asked.

"That don't give us much time," Leroy said, sounding concerned. "But I think we can cut it."

The first streetcorner connection we tried was confident but unhelpful. "No problem," he said cockily. "I be in pocket in an hour."

"Too long," said Leroy, hastening away with me in tow. "Sixto should be hangin' a few blocks away. His dope ain't that good, but at least he's always holdin'."

No such luck. "See that bro' crossin' the street with the white chick," Sixto gestured. "He got my last five bags."

We hit on another street dealer and again came up empty.

"Damn," Leroy cursed, his pride wounded. "I can't believe this shit. Its dead out here."

I checked my watch. It was 2:52.

"I gotta split, Leroy. Isn't there any place else we can try?"

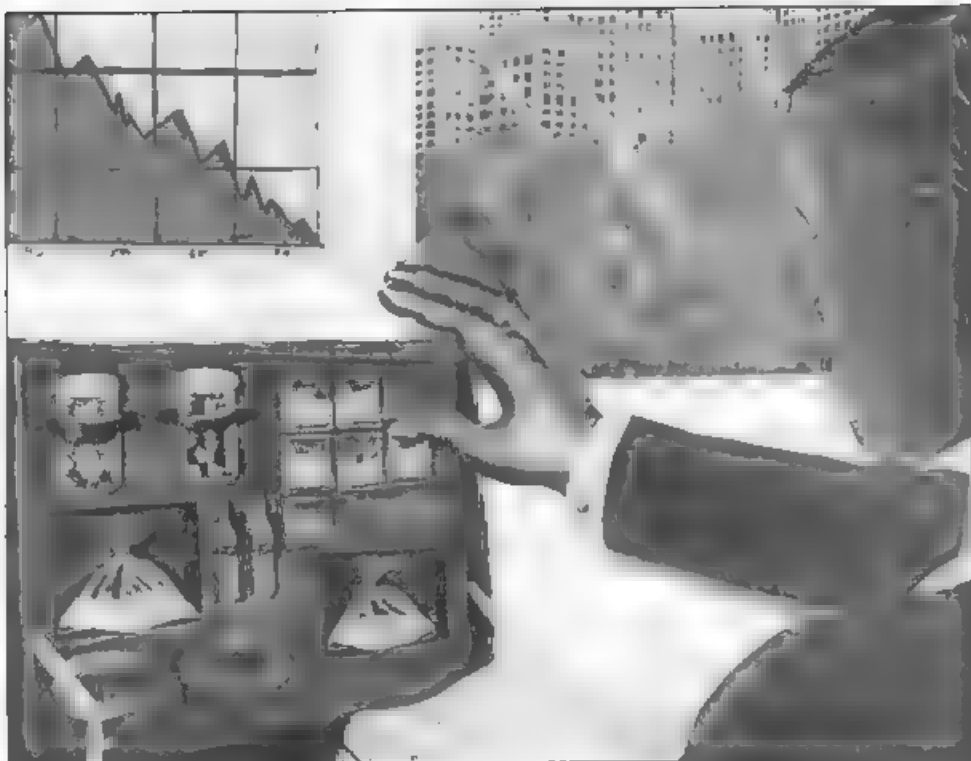
"Well, there's The Numbers. But that place is *real* hot. Gets busted at least once a week."

"Fuck it," I said in desperation. "Let's give it a shot."

The Numbers was a basement storefront that operated primarily as a numbers parlor but also provided a plethora of illegal diversions, one of which was a flourishing trade in dime bags of high-grade heroin. The place was a madhouse. Young Puerto Rican mothers held their wailing babies in one arm while pulling policy slips out of the babies' diapers. Bad-looking burglars carrying stolen goods impatiently pushed their way through the throng to a hard-nosed fence who stood behind a counter of the "store," wearing a world-weary expression and two fistfuls of gaudy gold-and-diamond jewelry. In another corner, a fat, fiftyish black man, his tattered overcoat bulging, dispensed drugs to a dregs-of-the-earth clientele, a seemingly endless stream of sensation-starved junkies that would have caused the most committed social worker/drug counselor to give up and look for another line of work. If there were a Heart of Darkness here in America, this was surely it.

I marvelled at the seeming lack of security for a place where so much cash and valuable merchandise was changing hands. "Doesn't this place ever get ripped off?" I asked Leroy.

"Uh-uh. It's run by The Boys—ya know, the Mafia. Few months ago, two



junkies got desperate and stuck up the place. Cops found 'em that night—that *same* night—down an alley stuffed in a trash can. Their dick and balls were cut off and shoved into their mouths so they couldn't breathe. I mean, they didn't kill 'em *then* cut their balls off—they cut 'em off while they were alive. Them poor bastards died from chokin' to death on their own dicks."

"Well," I said, trying to keep my cool, "I guess I'll postpone my plan to rob the place."

Leroy finally copped five ten-dollar bags and we split.

I rushed to the theater and almost bumped into the producer as he was exiting the stage door. I was half-an-hour late. But I had worked on ad campaigns for this producer before, and he was used to my eccentricities. Besides, he invariably liked the work I did for him. So his tone was more that of a scolding father than an angry executive. "I'm glad you could find the time to squeeze us into your busy schedule."

"Sorry, but I wanted to make sure the ad was *perfect*."

"I'll be the judge of that. Let's see what the boy genius has come up with this time."

I showed him the mock-up of an ad that would appear as a full page in the *New York Times*. My strongest suit as an adman is my ability to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. In this case it was a particularly diseased sow, if its trail runs in Boston and Philly were any indication. But the ad made it seem not only like a silk purse, but one stuffed with

unimaginable riches.

"Well?" I asked, after what seemed like an eternity.

The producer fought back a smile of approval as he tucked the mock-up under his arm. "Next time, genius, get here on time."

Getting High

It was 1976. The United States was celebrating its 200th anniversary. I was celebrating my eighth anniversary on dope.

I had begun my advertising career in 1972, writing and producing commercials for an FM rock radio station. I rapidly worked my way up to a copywriting job with a large ad agency. By 1976, my career was flourishing, and I was often given responsibility for an ad from conception to completion.

The money I was making enabled me to comfortably indulge my drug habit. I had stopped shooting dope a few years earlier, when it became increasingly difficult to conceal my tracks (needle marks). But I was snorting every day and often mixing cocaine in with the smack in a potent combination known as speedballs. (Yes, that's the combo that killed Belushi.)

An independent film producer in San Francisco had contacted me to create a campaign for a rock 'n' roll comedy movie. He flew me out to Frisco for a series of meetings. I was booked into a plush suite in the airport hotel for a few days. After the meetings were over, I

/ continued on next page

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had a couple days to myself. I contacted a few Frisco friends and told them to round up a mini-mob for an Independence Day bash at my suite. About 25 people showed up, all hard-core party animals. No one would have figured this group for future yuppies, but that was indeed the fate that would later befall at least half of the people at that party.

"The Ronald Reagan suite!" It was an old dooper pal of mine from Columbia, remarking on the irony of my accommodations, which were indeed named after the then-ex-governor of California. A large glass-framed oil portrait of Reagan adorned the living room of the suite.

"Hey," I replied facetiously, "we big-time ad execs demand the finest."

"I hope that includes your drugs," he said, not at all facetiously.

"But, of course." I pulled out two plastic bags, one containing ¼-ounce of heroin, the other an equal amount of cocaine. Both were of connoisseur quality, and together they would pack a wallop that could only be described as The Ultimate High.

Reagan's portrait stared serenely across the living room. I wondered how his expression might have changed if he could have seen the tableau of debauchery that was about to unfold.

"I don't suppose anyone brought a mirror?"

"What kind of host are you?" a lady-friend teased. "There must be something here we can use. I'll look in the bathroom."

No luck. The smoothest surface in the room turned out to be the table in front of the couch. As I sat down to mix up some speedballs, I offered a mock toast to the portrait of the ex-gov. "This one's for you, Ronzo. No matter how hard you tried, you couldn't turn back the tide of drugs flooding the great state of California."

The living room light glinted off the glass frame, as if Reagan were trying to cast some death rays from his beady eyes. Suddenly, an idea struck me. "Anybody got a screwdriver?"

One of my friends gave me a Swiss Army knife. I opened the knife's screwdriver attachment and crossed the living room to the Reagan portrait. It was secured to the wall by four screws. I worked feverishly while the partygoers laughed and shouted encouragement. In minutes, I had removed the portrait from the wall. I laid it on the living room table, dumped the dope on it, and proceeded to prepare the first round of speedballs, with the unknowing assis-

tance of our soon-to-be Chief Executive.

I prepared an extra-powerful speedball for myself and snorted it hungrily. The high came on like a freight train powered by two engines simultaneously: the cocaine pulled from the front while the smack pushed from the back. It was an incredibly intense high. And when the coke high subsided, there was no jittery comedown, just an ultra-smooth, ethereally blissful slide down from the heavenly pinnacle of cocaine to the earthly pleasure of heroin. I remembered the words of a hipster with whom I'd done my first speedball back in the '60s:

"If God made anything better than speedballs, he kept it for himself."

Violence

I don't want to dwell on the subject of violence in the smack scene. The establishment media provide plenty of sensational coverage of that. Nor will I try to deny that ripoffs, beatings, stabbings, shootings and dirty dealing of every description permeate the dope world. They definitely do.

But it is our mindless drug laws that have made many dopers turn to crime to support their drug dependency. *If all drugs were legalized, drug-related crimes would all-but-disappear.*

But until opiates are legalized, junkies will not only often be the perpetrators ("perps") of violent crimes but also the frequent "vics." I have been ripped off a handful of times, especially when I was a novice dooper, and I have been violently

**If all drugs
were legalized,
drug-related
crime would
disappear.**

mugged four times.

These days, I always try to "dress down" when I'm going to score, although sometimes my urgency to cop does not allow me to shed my yuppie regalia. Either way, I am a prime target for every junkie punk and non-junkie vulture who preys on the drug scene.

One weekend I was undergoing one of my periodic dry-outs, during which I abstain from opiate use in hopes of quitting altogether (fat chance!) or at least bringing down my tolerance so that I might get increased effects from the drugs I take. Needless to say, the dry-out didn't take, and on Monday I was a wreck. I called in to work with a phony excuse and said I wouldn't be in until after lunch. I headed for Leroy's Times Square neighborhood, but he was nowhere to be found.

My look of desperation must have been blatantly obvious. A seedy-looking Puerto Rican hood approached me. "Wha' chu lookin' for, man? I got pure shit. Cocaine? Heroin? 95 percent, man."

Sure, pal. I thought to myself. *You got 95 percent pure smack. Sure... I kept walking.*

I was panicking. I was due at work in less than an hour; I had a very important staff meeting scheduled for that afternoon. Even more urgently, I needed to get off. My junk loan was way past due, and the collection agency was taking very stern measures in my stomach, my temples, and in just about every joint in my body. My nose was running, I was yawning so hard I thought my jaw would pop out of joint, and I was afraid that any minute I might shit my pants.

"I got pure shit, man—95 percent." It was the Puerto Rican. "Don't keep lookin' no more, man. Da pure shit's right here."

I had no choice. I followed the Puerto Rican into a filthy hotel near the Port Authority Bus Terminal. Once inside, he started up the stairs.

"Where we going, man?" I asked warily. "I thought you had the stuff on you."

"You think I'm crazy, dude? I ain't holding no dope out on them streets. I got my stash up in my crib. C'mon."

It felt wrong, real wrong. But I had been to this hotel with Leroy a few times to score. Besides, my internal junk-bill collectors were putting on some very intense pressure. I followed him up three flights of stairs and down to the end of a dimly-lit hallway. He knocked on the door. It opened and he walked in. I hesitated.

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Seattle

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Seattle's belly. The seven hulls of Seattle (like Rome, you see) were reduced to six by early citizens eager to fill up the bay with dirt. Residents who balked at moving were allowed to keep their homes while the hull was washed out around them, leaving houses perched on 80-foot pillars of dirt. Like I say, watch yourself

BORED? LET'S GET DRUNK. It's part of the Scandinavian heritage here in the Northwest, as traditional as clean floors and ten o'clock bedtimes. Downtown has its watering holes—the Mirror, the Yesler, the Queen City Tavern—but I prefer the Blue Moon Tavern up north, near the freeway. It has that charming balance of drug addicts and sports fans that makes for a lively bar. No exotic stouts and ales here, the Blue Moon features local favorites Rainier and Olympia, pool tables and the Morries on the jukebox. Theodore Roethke used to pass out here, I'm told, no doubt after sharing a few pitchers of Rainier with his friend Richard Hugo. More than any other writer, Hugo preserved the dying corners of the Queen City in his poetry

WHAT YOU MIGHT NEED NOW is some good cheap coffee and a stroll down festive University Way, inexplicably referred to as "the Ave." The Ave is home to an odd mix of vigorous collegians, from the nearby University of Washington, aged Norwegians out shopping and degenerate youths sporting the mildewed leather and rusty chains of Northwest punks. Near its bottom, past the blind accordian duets, past the tattered fellow stapling concert announcements to telephone poles, there behind the slouching juveniles with their skateboards, is the Coffee Corral. No afternoon is complete without a few hours of shiftless idling at the Corral. Cube steak, salad, fries and a roll is less than two bucks and will secure you a booth for as long as it takes you to get it down. But we'll just settle for coffee and seven refills (60¢) and be on our way, the daylight seems to be draining out the edge of the sky

If we hurry, we can make it downtown to Shorey's Bookstore before closing. Shorey's can be a day's

entertainment, four musty floors of worn wood and yellowed pages, but, given a half hour before closing, it's best to go to the main room and look at maps—old maps of the Northwest with oceans and Indians and no borders to the north or the south. And in the high wooden slots, there below the maps, are old texts of explorers in the Northwest, and to their right, stacks of the colorful guides turned out at the time of the World's Fair. In these books you'll find pictures of some parts of the Queen City that have disappeared

THERE WAS Sick's Seattle Stadium, the weathered wooden home of the Seattle Rainiers and later, the Seattle Pilots—the only team in the history of baseball to last just one year. The Pilot's disastrous single season allowed Sick's the distinction of being the smallest stadium in the major leagues. It is gone now, baseball, in Seattle, is played in the dome. And there was downtown, before renovation. Pioneer Square, as dangerous as Seattle ever got, was populated by drunks and Indians and featured an even balance of bail bond storefronts and bars.

But that area is regularly swept clean now, making room for bare-brick boutiques and fern bars catering to the Emerald City wealthy. There is the Pike Place Market which remains intact at its core—a colorful jumble of fresh fish and vegetables—but now is surrounded by an ever-growing urban shopping mall, much like those found on any waterfront. Friscos Fisherman's Wharf, Boston's Quincy Market, New York's South Street Seaport, Baltimore's Harbor Place

Natives of the Queen City are left with neighborhoods—Georgetown, West Seattle, Interbay, much of Ballard—and a host of bars and eateries—The Athenian at the Market, Ernie Steele's on Capitol Hill, the Dog House and the Clock downtown—to help dull the blinding sparkle of the Emerald City. A long afternoon near the fishing docks, a day in West Seattle's Schmitz Park, a slow drive at dusk down West Marginal Way, all can remind visitors to Seattle to pay no attention to the man behind the screen. Oz, you must remember, was green only because its citizens wore tinted glasses. And, given the grey overcast of the Queen City, a pair of tinted glasses would only blind you. □



**WIRETAPPERS?
EAVESDROPPERS?
DUGGERS?**

CCS 1984

**Is someone listening
to your private
conversations?**

ABAW Corp can protect
your privacy with

- Pocket sized bug alerts that vibrate discreetly to warn you that a bug or transmitter is in your presence.
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Enclosed is my \$50.00
Please send your report

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

Yuppie

/ continued from page 58

"Come on, dude. You wanna get down or what?"

I stepped inside. Instantly, I felt a forearm grab my throat and snap my head back. The Puerto Rican had a partner.

"This is it, *maricon*," snarled the Puerto Rican. "Give it all up or you're a dead motherfucker."

I was frozen with fear. Every other time I had been mugged, it had been out in the street, where I at least felt I had some hope that someone might come by. Inside this seamy hotel room, I was totally at their mercy.

Suddenly, the punk who was holding me by the throat held a knife up to my eyes. I heard his voice for the first time, a voice full of icy menace. "I think I cut your fuckin' eyes out, so you no be witness on us." He chuckled coldly. "I think I cut your eyes out for fun."

He let out a high-pitched laugh, like the squeal of a rabid pig. He let the knife lie lightly against my eyeballs.

It's funny what thoughts race through your head when fear has ripped all rationality from your mind. I envisioned the eyeball-slicing scene from the surrealist film classic *Un Chien Andalou*. It was not a pleasant thought.

"It's all yours, man," I whispered, as if speaking any louder might cause the knife to dig in the mere fraction of an inch needed to render me sightless. Like a man in a slow-motion movie—directed, no doubt, by Sam Peckinpah—I reached into my pocket and pulled out a small wad of bills, about \$75 in all.

"Is that all, dude?" the Puerto Rican snapped. "A white *puta* like you got to have more money than that. Maybe we cut your balls off after we finish with your eyes."

"That's all of it, man. Honest. There's about 75 bucks there. Look, I'm just a fuckin' junkie. I'm sick, man. Gimme a break."

"Maybe we break your fuckin' neck, motherfucker. How 'bout that?"

Just then, there was a noise in the hall. The punk who was holding me shoved me across the room. He and his partner split. My money was gone, but I still had my eyes.

The next day, I was back in the same neighborhood, trying to score.

Sex

The question most often asked about heroin—or any other drug, for that matter—is "Is it an aphrodisiac?"

The answer in the case of heroin is yes—and no. Many women I know who've used junk claim that the rush that results from shooting smack is the closest thing to an orgasm. As I stated earlier, I don't find the sensations to be all that similar. But, if anything, I would say that heroin is better than sex.

But, of course, long-term junk abuse is lethal to the sex drive. Not only are most veteran male junkies unable to get it up, most simply don't care. But in the early stages of heroin use, the drug can come in quite handy in sexual encounters. It deadens sensation in the penis, so if a man is lucky enough to take just the right dose, he can reap a reward known in smack circles as the "donkey dick," an erection that just won't quit.

I had one experience that succinctly illustrates the pros and cons of heroin and sex. I had been using heroin for about nine months when I met a lovely young 17-year-old hippie girl. She was tall, slim, long-blond-haired and oozed a budding sensuality that could warm up a coldwater flat. We spent the day together frolicking in Central Park, went to a sex movie (*I Am Curious, Yellow*) that evening, and ended the day in bed back at my place.

I shot up before we went to bed, unbeknownst to her, taking care to do only a moderate dose, so that my sexual powers would be intensified. We made love for hours that night, and to this day I remember that experience like it happened last night. She had six orgasms. I—my dick desensitized by dope—never even came. Dawn was breaking as she hit number six. I rolled over, exhausted. The heat of our passion had completely

We made
love for hours
that night,
but I was so
stoned I
never even
came.

steamed up the window next to my bed. I reached up and drew a heart and wrote our initials in it. That was as tender a moment as I've ever experienced.

That afternoon, my teenage lover had to return to her home in the suburbs. A few weeks later, she returned to visit me again. Unfortunately, I had been unable to score any smack that day, and even though my habit was not that heavy, I was undergoing mild withdrawal symptoms. One of the heroin withdrawal symptoms is hair-trigger orgasms. When we made love that night, I came in about 30 seconds.

I'll never forget the look in her eyes when I rolled off of her, completely exhausted after a half-a-minute of uninspired sex. Her seventeen years could not possibly have prepared her for such a startling turn of events.

As for me, I vowed never again to make love without the aid of opiates.

Death

I have overdosed five times in my 18 years on junk. Fortunately, none of them have been fatal—there has always been someone there to pull me out of it. And I've already touched upon the violence that is an unavoidable part of the smack scene. But we all have to die sometime, and lots of people have met violent ends who have never even smoked marijuana, let alone shot smack.

So the threat of death is no deterrent to me, or to any other heroin addict. The pleasures of the heroin high, the oblivion it offers, the escape from all of life's minor ailments and petty annoyances, far outweigh the threat of death by overdose or at the hands of some slimy punk.

Many of my doper friends from the '60s have long since abandoned the drug scene for the straight life among their fellow yuppies. Others are dead. Still others have opted for methadone maintenance. But why trade the best high in the world for addiction to synthetic shit that doesn't even get you loaded? I'll cast my lot with the disgruntled junkie who scrawled this grafitto on the wall outside a methadone clinic: METH IS DEATH.

I've tasted the forbidden fruit of opiates for almost two decades, and while the juice has sometimes been bitter, and even poisonous on occasion, I'll continue to feast on the sweet citrus of smack. And the fruits of my yuppie lifestyle will continue to shield me from the degradation that is the lot of most junkies.

At least that's what I keep telling myself . . .

FUNNY PAPERS

THE ADVENTURES OF HERCULES AMONGST THE NORTH AMERICANS

© 1985 by MAREK

From generation to generation the story is told of how Hercules, always in search of adventure and excitement, came to be at the land of Action Park, off of Route 90, east on Formidula Rd.

NO SOONER HAS HE ENTERED THE REALM OF FAMILY FUN THAN HIS STRENGTH IS PUT TO THE TEST



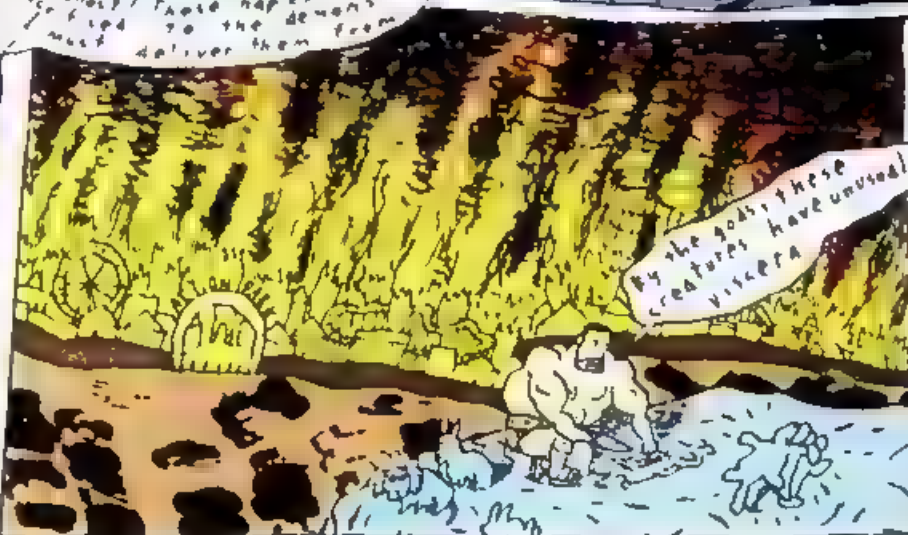
forthwith, an abundance of trophies are bestowed upon our hero for his modest display of virility



Never before has Hercules faced such a multitude or variety of loutish monstrousities

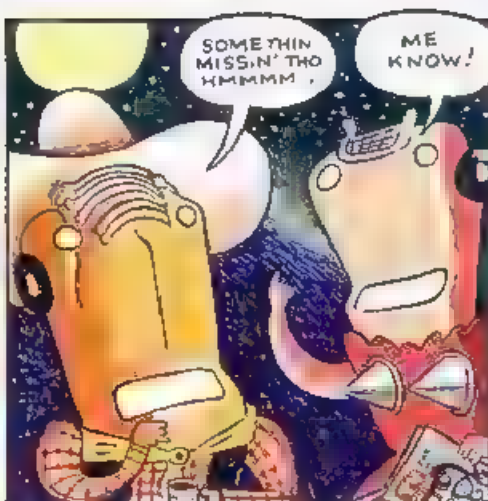


A crowd gathers, no doubt in celebration of such deliverance from years of subjugation. Now, while the lines are short, is the chance for Hercules to ride on the Bumper Chariots.



By the gods, these creatures have unusual viscera

Enough adventure and excitement for one night. The trophy carcasses must be skinned before they spoil. A fine garment shall be made from those pelts.



HENRY WEBB WONDERS

© 1995 GARY PANTER



EDDIE WHITE LIAR

MORNING STRETCH:

9:27 A.M.

SORRY I'M LATE, BOSS, BUT MY DAMN CLUTCH WENT OUT AGAIN. SORRY I'M LATE, BOSS, BUT MY DAMN KNEE WENT OUT AGAIN. SORRY I'M LATE....

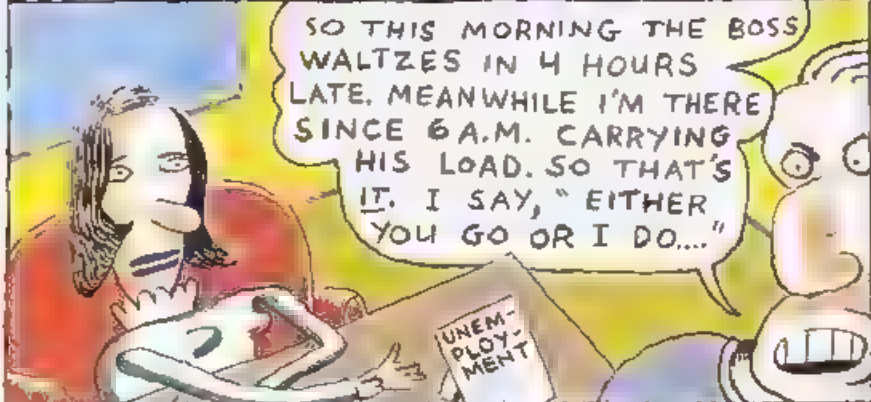
THE DESPERATE REACH: 10:46 A.M.

ALL RIGHT, FIRE ME IF YOU WANT TO, BOSS. BUT LET ME JUST SAY THIS: DO A LOT OF PEOPLE MISTAKE YOU FOR MEL GIBSON?



THE SWITCHEROO: 11:34 A.M.

SO THIS MORNING THE BOSS WALTZES IN 4 HOURS LATE. MEANWHILE I'M THERE SINCE 6 A.M. CARRYING HIS LOAD. SO THAT'S IT. I SAY, "EITHER YOU GO OR I DO..."



THE LIE TO NO ONE IN PARTICULAR: 3:15 P.M.

YEP, LOST MY JOB TODAY. WORKED IN A WILD WEST SHOW. COULD ROLL A CIGARETTE ONE-HANDED RIDING BAREBACK AT FULL GALLOP BUT I COULDN'T GET THE DAMN THING LIT.



HONING A CLASSIC: 10:30 P.M.

MISS, THIS IS CHANGE FOR A 5. I GAVE YOU A 20.



A NIGHTCAP: 11:07 P.M.

SIR, YOU WANT THE POST OFFICE WAY DOWNTOWN TO MAIL LETTERS OUT OF STATE. THEY'RE OPEN 'TIL MIDNIGHT IF YOU WANT TO RUN.



THE BIG ONE: 11:56 P.M.

SORRY I'M LATE, HONEY—BUT THEY MADE ME A FULL PARTNER IN THE FIRM!





YOU OR THEM?

BY SANTIAGO COELHO

WILL THE ACCUSED RISE!!!

SEE-TEACHING GUIDE AND STRATEGY FOR THE FINAL ROACH HICIDE...

ARE HUMANS FAIR?

POC POC

NOT GUILTY

YEE!

ROCHO ROACHEZ YOU ARE ACCUSED OF STEALING A PIECE OF BOLOGNA...

DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY?

I'M INNOCENT I'M MICROBIOTIC

WE THE JURY, AFTER SEEING ALL THE EVIDENCE, DECLARE YOU...

THAT'S WHY INSTEAD OF BEING DROWNED IN THE TOILET...

...YOU'RE GONNA BE SMASHED IMMEDIATELY BY A SHOE...

ZAAA P!!!

CR-U-SH

MORAL: HUMANS ARE UNFAIR... BUT ROACHES CAN'T APPEAL...

ONLY HURTS WHEN I LAUGH

Santiago

HIGH TIMES VINTAGE COLLECTION III



90. Feb. '83



91. Mar. '83



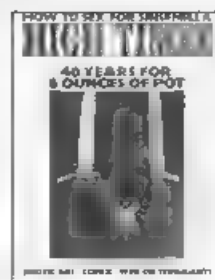
92. Apr. '83



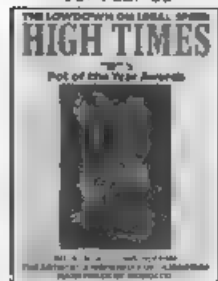
93. May '83



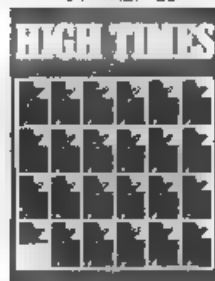
94. June '83



95. July '83



96. Aug. '83



97. Sept. '83



98. Oct. '83



99. Nov. '83



100. Dec. '83



101. Jan. '84



102. Feb. '84



103. Mar. '84



104. April '84



105. May '84



106. June '84



107. July '84



108. Aug. '84



109. Sept. '84



110. Oct. '84



111. Nov. '84



With our third collection of vintage HIGH TIMES, you'll be getting our most exciting issues ever. And, when you order your back issues of HIGH TIMES, protect your investment. Order, too, the perfect display case for your collection—our sleek black binders with our logo highlighted in gold.

YES! Please send me the following back issues of HIGH TIMES.

Please circle the issue(s) you are ordering

#90 #91 #92 #93 #94 #95
#96 #97 #98 #99 #100 #101
#102 #103 #104 #105 #106 #107
#108 #109 #110 #111

Total Issues Ordered	×	Cost per Issue	=	
		\$4.00		
Total Binders Ordered	×	Cost per Binder	=	
		\$9.95		
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Apartheid

/ continued from page 43

Corporate Conspiracies

The United States ranks among South Africa's leading partners in international trade. It supplies South Africa with capital and technology that makes apartheid possible. U.S. corporations have \$2.5 billion invested in South Africa. U.S. banks have loaned South Africa over \$3.8 billion. U.S. computers help enforce the passbook system. GM and Ford sell trucks to the South African military and police.

The very idea of divestment—the withdrawing of public funds from companies doing business with South Africa—is anathema to American companies that feel sheltered by the Reagan administration's policies. One antiapartheid strategy encourages people to get their church, union or association to move its account out of any bank that loans money to South Africa. And to urge their city governments to ban city purchases from South Africa or from companies that invest in or operate in South Africa.

Recent victories in this area include the adoption of a divestment resolution by the trustees of the New York City Employee Retirement Fund which will affect over \$600 million worth of holdings in U.S. corporations investing in South Africa. The Boston City Council

has also adopted a comprehensive divestment bill. Connecticut, Massachusetts, Michigan and the cities of Grand Rapids, Philadelphia and Wilmington have all enacted divestment legislation.

As a way of demonstrating active condemnation of apartheid, divestment action is having an impact in the South African marketplace as well as in its consciousness. An article in *The Financial Mail*, the country's leading business magazine, reports that "the divestment campaign is now a cutting edge of efforts by antiapartheid activists to isolate South Africa," adding, "to many people outside South Africa, and a good many within, it seems to be the idea whose time has come."

Major U.S. Corporations in South Africa: Direct investments—Mobil Oil (\$426 million); SOHIO (\$345 million); Caltex (Standard Oil of California and Texaco—\$334 million); General Motors (\$243 million); Ford (\$213 million); Newmont (\$127 million); Goodyear (\$97 million); General Electric (\$93 million); Union Carbide (\$54.5 million).

U.S. Bank Loans to South Africa: As of June 1983, loans outstanding from U.S. banks totalled \$3.88 billion. More than 125 U.S. banks have made loans to government and private borrowers in recent years. Among the significant lenders have been: Bankers Trust (NY); BankAmerica (CA); Chase Manhattan (NY); Chemical Bank (NY); Citibank (NY); Continental Illinois (IL); First Boston (MA); First Chicago (IL); Manufacturers Hanover (NY); Morgan Guaranty (NY). □

Advisor

/ continued from page 14

still considered murder in America under most circumstances, but the laws (and definitions of death) vary from state to state, and are constantly being revised, updated, and challenged, in courts and in legislatures. As an unspoken rule (and as a common medical practice), the more sensitive doctors will, after consulting with next of kin and finding that the patient has expressed wishes that his or her life not be artificially prolonged, often unhook the equipment.

The first thing to do so that you won't find yourself brain dead and in limbo for too long is to start making your wishes known right now. Tell your relatives and loved ones that you want the plug pulled in this case. Better yet, put it in writing.

Now, as in the case of Karen Anne Quinlan (remember her? She was in a coma on life-prolonging equipment until they pulled the plug by decision of the court and she didn't die as they thought she surely would), we have something that transcends the mere physical question. Karen Quinlan is alive for a reason. It is as if the higher power were saying, "Okay, by way of example, you humans have to deal with this whether you like it or not. You have to figure out these kinds of decisions." Karen Quinlan has made people aware of this ultimate decision. Her life has a definite purpose now. Her example has made rulebook doctors more wary, and more liberal, sensitive doctors more compassionate.

IN CLOSING, try to think about a holistic approach to getting well. You don't know what holism is? Next month, I'll give you the whole lowdown including all the types of holistic approaches. Until then, look it up at your local health food store. And send me some questions about it. It's the only way to go these days.

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Inside the Mushroom Lab

by William Meyers

Last month we met the Mushroom Man [HIGH TIMES, Apr., '85]. This month we kick back with our favorite fungus grower for some closer-in discussion of the specifics of his technique. Or at least as much as he's willing to divulge. Heaven knows, the Mushroom Man would be one of the last people we know to encourage the general cultivation of controlled substances. —Ed.

HIGH TIMES: Why did you start growing psilocybin mushrooms?

MUSHROOM MAN: I wanted to have a reliable organic psychedelic on hand all the time.

And I wanted to be able to eat a mushroom that I could be sure didn't have maggots in it.

HIGH TIMES: How did you get your start?

MUSHROOM MAN: I met a person who had grown them—not very successfully,

but somewhat. I asked him to teach me how to do it. And he did, for a price.

HIGH TIMES: What technique was that?

MUSHROOM MAN: Well, it was a lot less technically involved than where I'm at now. I didn't have anything to purify the air, I didn't have an industrial humidifier or a humidifier-sensor—a lot was left to chance.

HIGH TIMES: What were you growing them in?

MUSHROOM MAN: A small shed—in a mixture of manure and hay. It didn't work out very well, because it wasn't refined enough, and a lot of things killed it off. I had to refine whole different parts of my technique before I could grow successfully time after time.



● *Psilocybe cubensis* emerges from beds of sterilized soil.

Cultivating a healthy fungus can be harder than it looks

HIGH TIMES: Let's do a brief rundown of the process from start to finish...

MUSHROOM MAN: There's really two processes—there's a laboratory process, where you culture the mycelium, which is the vegetative part of the fungus. Keeping that organism alive requires laboratory-strict conditions.

HIGH TIMES: Sterile conditions...

MUSHROOM MAN: ...Yeah, with a hood, and scalpels and sterile equipment. That's the first part of the process. The second part is actually taking that organism and subjecting it to different changes to get it into becoming a mushroom.

HIGH TIMES: So you grow in the lab now. What medium do you use to grow the mycelium in?

MUSHROOM MAN: You grow it on different substrates for different reasons. You grow it on agar—which is a gelatinous stuff they use in all laboratories to grow bacteria on. And then, to take it from that stage to get it into growing a mushroom, the next stage is growing it on rye berries, or milo, or something like that.

HIGH TIMES: What do you grow it on?

MUSHROOM MAN: Milo.

HIGH TIMES: What do you do, steam the milo...?

MUSHROOM MAN: Yeah. You have to sterilize it... and then, again, in sterile conditions, underneath a hood, you have to inoculate the milo.

HIGH TIMES: Do you use a hypodermic?

MUSHROOM MAN: I have done it that way, but I don't do that anymore. Now I do it with a scalpel and little pieces of agar. And it's more effective.

HIGH TIMES: Do you clean the air?

MUSHROOM MAN: Yeah, the air is purified by special filters. Everything's sterilized. Anything you use to touch the mycelium with you sterilize in a flame. Any bottles you open you sterilize—almost anything will kill it. It's not a real strong thing that just grows real easily. And then, after that, once you've grown it on some kind of grain, you can inoculate the growing beds themselves with that grain. The growing beds also have to be totally sterile and pasteurized, in order for you to get a good crop.

HIGH TIMES: How do you sterilize and pasteurize the growing beds?

MUSHROOM MAN: Heh-heh...

HIGH TIMES: Is that a trade secret?

MUSHROOM MAN: Yeah, I think we'll have to forget that one. The basic reality of the situation is that if lots of people learn the trip, then there'll be too many people doing it.

HIGH TIMES: No, there won't. It's such a hard trip that it's got to stop most people from doing it. Make no mistake about it, it's not like putting up a light in a foil room.

MUSHROOM MAN: But I'd just like to say I sterilize it. If they're interested, they can find out.

HIGH TIMES: Okay. How long does it take, once you inoculate the beds, to get mushrooms?

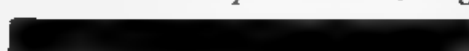
MUSHROOM MAN: First you let the beds grow out, and that takes about a week. And then you case—and that takes another week.

HIGH TIMES: You "case"—what do you mean by that?

MUSHROOM MAN: Well, you have a specially prepared soil that you put over the beds, once they've grown the mycelium—the same kind of soil you use in your garden, but sterilized. And you put a light layer of that over the beds. About a week after you do that, you'll see little mushrooms come through.

And they'll be ready to harvest about a week after you first see them.

HIGH TIMES: How long a time is it from when they first start coming



"The high
of a fresh
mushroom
is a much
lighter kind
of high—more
ethereal—the
vision seems a
little crisper."

through and when you finish harvesting them? How long is that cycle?

MUSHROOM MAN: About four weeks. During which you usually get about three flushes. Which means it comes on real heavy, just solid mushrooms for a while—it's all I can do just to pick them. Every four or five hours you have to go out and pick for an hour or two. And then it dies off, and it's in between flushes, and there's just a few here and there. And then it'll come on pretty heavy again, but not as heavy as the first time—maybe two-thirds of what you got the first time. And then a third flush will be probably half of that—a third at the most of what you got the first time. And you can let it dribble on after that. You can get maybe another ten percent more after that.

HIGH TIMES: What if you re-case it? Does that help to keep it going?

MUSHROOM MAN: I haven't done that. People have told me that they've done that—they've turned their thing over and cased it on the bottom. But I've always let it go pretty long, so my experience has been that it's just got so cruddy that I couldn't do that.

HIGH TIMES: How about adding nutrients once it's mushrooming?

MUSHROOM MAN: I've never heard of anybody doing that. Once it's grown out, it's a pretty solid mass of mycelium, and there's not too much that can really penetrate it. Even water doesn't get through it—it's like a plastic sheath, it's very heavy. So you really have to introduce the nutrients beforehand.

HIGH TIMES: How about your preserving methods, once you've harvested the mushrooms?

MUSHROOM MAN: I dry them with a forced-air heater... through racks, just like a food dehydrator, essentially. And it takes about three or four days for them to dry.

HIGH TIMES: Does this preserve them indefinitely?

MUSHROOM MAN: Well, I don't know about indefinitely. I know I've eaten one that was dried about a year and a half before that, and it was still very, very strong.

HIGH TIMES: Is there any difference in the quality between eating them fresh or dried?

MUSHROOM MAN: I think so. The taste of fresh mushrooms is a lot nicer—the taste of the dried is muskier, kind of. I don't like it as



● *The ring around the stem is still intact. Just before it starts to shred, it's time to pick.*

well. Also, I think the high of a fresh mushroom is really superior. It's a much lighter high—more ethereal—the vision seems a little crisper or something. I like it better.

HIGH TIMES: But they don't last long when they're fresh...

MUSHROOM MAN: No. You really have to eat them within a day or two after you've picked them.

HIGH TIMES: They wouldn't last in a freezer, either... fresh?

MUSHROOM MAN: No, they really deteriorate. I've never seen anybody preserve them fresh, except in honey. In the old days you used to buy them in a jar full of honey. And that would preserve them. But you'd have to eat a lot of honey.

HIGH TIMES: And the mushrooms, as I remember, would be a soggy black mass.

MUSHROOM MAN: Yeah... mushrooms-in-honey is horrible.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think freezing the dried ones might preserve their psychedelic powers even longer?

MUSHROOM MAN: I know people who have, and they've said they were just as good a year later as the day they put them away.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think there's a real decline in the powers of the dried ones if you *don't* freeze them?

MUSHROOM MAN: As long as they don't start to get humid again—as

long as they stay crisp, they stay really strong. If they start to get a little soft, where you can bend the stems and things, then they deteriorate. You really have to keep them dry, that's the important thing.

HIGH TIMES: How big is your system?

MUSHROOM MAN: It's three levels high—about 120 boxes that are about two feet by one foot.

HIGH TIMES: And you get a harvest about every 12 weeks?

MUSHROOM MAN: Or every 10 weeks if I want to truck hard.

HIGH TIMES: How many crops have you brought in?

MUSHROOM MAN: Within about five years, I've probably had forty or so crops. And about twelve of them went bad. And that means you lose everything.

HIGH TIMES: But you're more consistently successful now?

MUSHROOM MAN: Yeah, I've got it down... I think.

HIGH TIMES: What kind of loss rate do you anticipate in the future, now that you've got it down?

MUSHROOM MAN: I'm anticipating no losses. But like with this crop, I lost about a quarter of it, on account of something that happened—it got really hot on a day when everything was real critical, especially temperature. It got too hot in the lab, and I couldn't bring

the temperature down fast enough. So about a quarter of the mycelium just burnt out. And I'll just have a smaller yield this time. You never can count on having a perfect crop.

HIGH TIMES: What temperature do you keep things at?

MUSHROOM MAN: About eighty to eighty-two. It's on a timer twelve to fifteen hours a day.

HIGH TIMES: Do you use grow-lights?

MUSHROOM MAN: Yes, as well as plain, cool-white, fluorescent lights.

HIGH TIMES: And you don't want to talk about how you keep out the contaminant bacteria?

MUSHROOM MAN: Well, I'd hate for prices to go down to two hundred a pound—it would be terrible. It's getting to the point where if the price goes much lower, it's hardly worth it. There's a lot of overhead.

The equipment is very expensive, the buildings are very expensive. The electric bills are huge. The price can't go much lower... obviously.

HIGH TIMES: So mushroom-growing is becoming a burgeoning industry around here now?

MUSHROOM MAN: Without saying where "here" is, yes, there's quite a few mushroom growers.

HIGH TIMES: Somewhere on the California coast...?

MUSHROOM MAN: Heh-heh... Can you say Oregon? □

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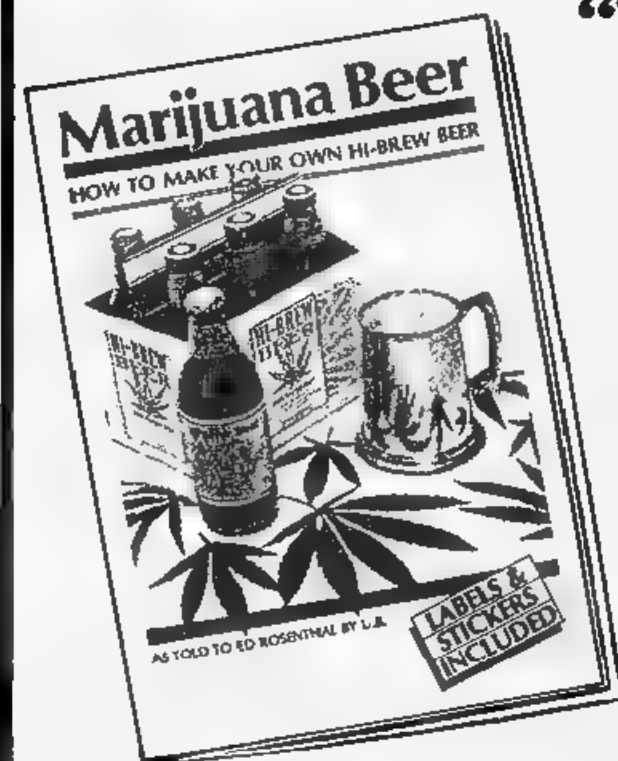
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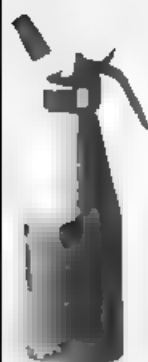
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Bone Games

/ continued from page 39

climbers, kayakers, surfers, hang glider flyers, and skiers, most of them in the American West, began deliberately to search out power in their games. Many of these athletic vision seekers were veterans of the LSD and Eastern guru movements; they discovered that the same highs drugs and meditation gave you were available in extreme sports, only in a more profound and stable form. In an article titled "The Climber as Visionary," in the May 1969 issue of *Ascent*, the California mountaineer Doug Robinson wrote, "A young climber begins to find parallels between the visionary results of his climbing discipline and his formerly inaccessible visionary life in the acid subculture." He went on to quote fellow climber Yvon Chouinard's account of an eight-day climb of El Capitan, in Yosemite:

...We now appreciated everything around us. Each individual crystal in the granite stood out in bold relief. The varied shapes of the clouds never ceased to attract attention. For the first time we noticed tiny bugs that were all over the walls, so tiny they were barely noticeable. While belaying, I stared at one for fifteen minutes, watching him move and admiring his brilliant red color.

How could one ever be bored with so many good things to see and feel? This unity with our joyous surroundings, this ultra penetrating perception, gave us a feeling of contentment that we had not had for years.

"Chouinard's vision was no accident," Robinson concluded. "It was the result of days of climbing. He was tempered by technical difficulties, dehydration, striving, the sensory desert, weariness, the gradual loss of self."

Rick Trujillo, the great long-distance high-altitude runner, a sleek lanky man who looks like he was sculpted in a wind tunnel [got] the same brand of revelation and power from games pushed to the nth power

Born into an old-time Hispanic hard-rock mining family in the little Colorado alpine town of Ouray (741 population, 9,500 feet above sea level), Trujillo got

into running when he was fifteen, with the Ouray High School track team. "It was a snowstorm in March, typical spring weather around here. The snow was waist-deep when we got up into the canyon, and we almost froze. We ended up staggering back down into town, completely exhausted, but I knew right then that I enjoyed running. School ended, summer came, and I just kept on running. I've been running ever since."

Trujillo went on to the University of Colorado, where he majored in geology and competed on the cross-country team. He never really cared for flatland running, though, and he found inter-collegiate training and competition a grind: "I got tired of running the same miles over and over, fighting dogs, traffic and people." Also, to tell the truth of it, Trujillo was less than spectacular as a nonmountain runner: he dropped out of the only two regulation marathons he entered, complaining that the flat terrain and pavement hurt his knees and ankles, blistered his feet.

Mountain running was a different story: on steep ground in thin air, Trujillo was well-nigh unbeatable at the peak of his career. His favorite race was the Pikes Peak, an arduous event held every summer in the mountains behind Colorado Springs. The 28.3-mile course begins in the suburb of Manitou Springs, winds via forest and scree slope 7,748 vertical feet to the 14,110-foot summit of Pikes, and retraces the same route to the base of the mountain. Trujillo won the Pikes Peak five years in a row, between 1972 and 1977, beating mountain running stars like the champion Scottish fell runner Jos Naylor in the process. Fell running is a peculiarly Scottish sport that involves racing from summit to summit over the moors in the vilest weather. His fastest time for the course, 3:34:15, set in 1976, would be a creditable time for a 26.2-mile marathon on level ground at sea level; for 28 plus miles on a 14,000-footer, it is in the realm of dreams.

But it is Trujillo's noncompetitive running that is really interesting, in the context of athletic mysticism. Rick now lives back in Ouray, where he works as a mining geologist, and he has developed a whole series of what he calls "H, T and E runs"—"here, there and every-

where"—in the surrounding mountains. The Imogene Pass jeep road from Ouray to Telluride, for instance: 18 miles of dirt switchbacks, climbing 5,300 feet to a 13,114-foot pass, then descending 4,500 vertical feet into the town of Telluride. There is an annual race over the pass, attracting scores of serious high-altitude runners, but Trujillo prefers to run it alone, after a day's work at the mine. He tanks up on his favorite running fuel, chocolate chip cookies, and then heads up out of Ouray's valley, up through the darkening woods, crossing the summit rockfields as the sun sets, alpenglow flashing on the peaks of the San Juan Range, Mendota, Greenback, Snaeffels, Ajax... Descends to Telluride in the last vestiges of light, loping down past the great waterfalls, through the ruins of mining camps... Hitchhikes home in time for a late dinner. He has been known to do the run in under two and a half hours.

To Trujillo, solo mountain running is the ultimate "Ninety-nine point nine percent of my running has been by myself," he says, "and that's all right with me... Cliffclimbing, steep grades, going up and down. You can't stop and think. Your eyes see what's in front of you and your legs and feet just follow. You are aware of what's in front of you, but you don't think. This foot goes here and that foot goes there. Things happen too fast."

Some interesting things emerged from these and other accounts of adventure and extreme sport. For one thing, the stress-triggered magic was a hit-and-miss affair, mostly miss. Ninety-nine point nine percent of the time, the games, no matter how desperately bloody they were, did not ignite vision, ecstasy or supernatural power. The norm was represented by accounts like *The Worst Journey in the World*, the marvelously named Apsley Cherry-Garrard's narrative of Scott's ill-fated British South Pole expedition of 1910-13. Scott and company pushed themselves past threshold after threshold of fatigue, pain, cold and hunger, and found nothing but misery, madness and death. Excerpts from the expedition members' journals form a litany of doom: "It is all too horrible... I am almost afraid to go to sleep now." "Evans had such cold hands we camped for lunch... The wind is blowing hard, T-21, and there is that curious damp, cold feeling in the air which chills one to the bone in no time... Great God! this is an awful place..." "All our feet are getting bad—Wilson's best, my right foot worse, left all right..." Amputation is the least I can hope for

now." Cherry-Garrard survived the expedition to write his book, culminating in this bitter and eloquent benediction:

And I tell you, if you have the desire for knowledge and power to give it physical expression, go out and explore. If you are a brave man you will do nothing; if you are fearful you may do much, for none but cowards have need to prove their bravery. Some will tell you that you are mad, and nearly all will say: "What is the use?" For we are a nation of shopkeepers, and no shopkeeper will look at research that does not promise him a financial return within a year. And so you will sledge nearly alone, but those with whom you sledge will not be shopkeepers. That is worth a good deal. If you march your Winter Journeys you will have your reward, as long as all you want is a penguin's egg.

I perceived another interesting fact: when stress did produce altered, superior states of consciousness, they seemed to come in two distinct kinds. One, the type exemplified by my experience on Neva and John Muir's on Mount Rutter, consisted of an acrobatic variation on Zen satori: a feeling of mystical interdependence with the outside world, welling up from somewhere deep inside, and manifesting itself physically as acute sensory awareness and a relaxed and boundless strength. The other—Lindbergh's cockpit angels is a perfect example—took the form of hallucinatory helpers, 'the athlete or adventurer receiving a transfusion of energy, encouragement and instinctual wisdom from a seemingly external source—angels, spirit people, whatever. Why the different mode of revelation? Perhaps during times when one is beset by intense loneliness as well as exhaustion, danger or cold, the illusion of a companion is so necessary that the brain manufactures one for itself.

The factors that went into causing these athletic satons were obvious: loneliness, exhaustion, risk, hunger and thirst (often), tied together and intensified by an almost fanatical striving toward a goal—a summit, a river run, a thermal ride to fifteen thousand feet, and sometimes, as in my own case, pure survival. But why did the magical response come one time and not, under precisely the same circumstances, the next hundred or thousand or ten thousand times? Until I figured that one out, what happened to me on Mount Neva and how to make it happen again would remain an enigma. □

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Letters

/ continued from page 12

Psychedelic Promises

About the "psychedelic" art of Kenny Scharf [HIGH TIMES, Feb. '85] what happened to the art world to let such groovy stuff in? The last artist I paid any attention to was Salvador Dali, and now it looks like there's a new surrealist master to replace the ailing genius of far-out art. Is the whole art world like this now? I feel like I missed something.

—S. Dali, Jr
New York City

If you haven't noticed what's been happening in the art world, yeah, you have missed something. But watch future HIGH TIMES for more reports on art we think you'll like. Of course, it's not just us—the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York bought the painting in our centerfold for a cool \$30,000 plus. Shades of Dali indeed—the offbeat does pay. —Ed

Energy Conservation

Maybe this is the answer to the question posed in your review of the Haight-Ashbury book (HIGH TIMES, Feb. '85) as to why that psychedelic subculture produced no "art," but mere crafts. Because those who got stoned at that time realized that their lives were their works of art, and next to the priority of perfecting their lives and their relationships to other people—mostly by learning to love and forgive—works of art were ego trips and money trips, and a waste of attention energy.

—Garrison Lunt
Summertown, Tenn.

Long Time, No Snort

In the intro to *Novel with Cocaine* (HIGH TIMES, Feb. 1985), you say that the book is set in 1917 Russia. It didn't seem like that to me; it could be right now, in any city.

—Nose Knows
Anytown, U.S.A.

Not only is the whole book—from which we printed one small excerpt—set in that period, it was apparently written during that time as well. According to the publisher, Novel

with Cocaine was suppressed when offered for publication in Paris by a Russian expatriate on the run from the Revolution.

If the story seems contemporary, well, as they say in Paris, plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose, which means that some things never change, a philosophical category which includes coke craziness. —Ed

Thumbs Up

Hurrah for a new, improved HIGH TIMES.

Perhaps you can help me with a problem. The "Special Edition Growers Guide" is the only issue of HIGH TIMES that I have missed since the venerable first issue. I ordered the Special Edition about three months ago, but in place of that one, I got a 1974 guide. Couldn't you please find it in your heart to honor my request and complete a perfect collection for one of your most ardent disciples? If this is impossible, could you direct me to someone I might buy it from?

As I say every time, thanks for the finest magazine America has had to offer since the magnificent issue #1.

—John Pfeiffer
Drain, Ore

Flattery will get you far. Although our "Special Cultivation Issue" (Best of HIGH TIMES, Vol. 5) was such a terrific success that we sold every copy we printed (which is why we substituted a similar publication in your order), we are sending you what may be the last copy ever found in the HIGH TIMES offices (located after much searching, I might add). Thanks for your devotion, and I might suggest that the easiest way to make sure your collection stays complete is to subscribe. —Ed

Cowardly Cook

Before I make the pot chocolates described in your "Haute Cuisine" (HIGH TIMES, Feb. 1985), I'd like to know if they really do anything. It looks like a lot of work to make them.

—Curious Cook
Cincinnati, Ohio

My, how lazy we are! Of course they "do something," just what depends on you. But you'll never know unless you work at it, just a little (really, they're not that hard to make). —Ed

Ask Ed

/ continued from page 53
but they claim it has been published for 37 years! It contains antidrug propaganda with little fact to back it up. To see the garbage that they are trying to brainwash young minds with, write to *Listen*, Pacific Press Publishing Association, P.O. Box 7000, Mountain View, CA 94039. Don't tell them I suggested you write

• It's hard to believe, but there has been no organized survey of national legislators' views on marijuana in years. Although we have a general feeling of Congressional attitudes toward the subject, we really don't have much concrete information.

Of course if *HIGH TIMES* or *NORML* were to inquire, they would get very guarded responses or none at all. You can help us find out the representatives' real attitudes. Could you write your legislator a letter asking them what their attitude is towards pot? Ask them if they think the laws should be strengthened or whether the government should concentrate on other substances of abuse instead. And what their attitude is toward personal possession and use. Try to make the letter sound neutral so that the legislator doesn't know if you are pro or con.

Don't forget that you have three legislators—a member of the House of Representatives and two Senators. They all have local headquarters, so they can be written to there or in Washington, D.C. I know that most people do not really wish to correspond with their legislators. However, this is a very important task and we need your help. Send copies of your letters and subsequent responses to me (together), care of this column. □

I welcome tips, comments and questions regarding marijuana and marijuana cultivation. Also photos for the Bud, Plant and Garden of the Month. All correspondants whose letters or photos are used will receive a free copy of Marijuana Growers Handbook.

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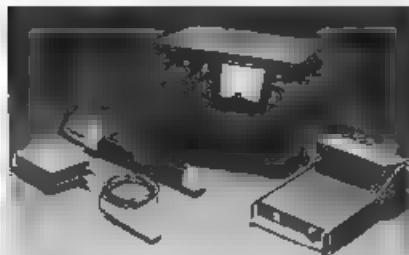
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Daniel Wallace, California Mens Colony, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

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A Monthly Report on Drugs and the Law

Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese, NORML Chief Counsel

NORML Hosts Dope Defenders

Attorneys share their fears about repressive new laws

by Ellen Lester

KEY WEST, FLORIDA was the balmy location for NORML's recent "Criminal Defense Seminar" for attorneys specializing in drug law defense. Many legal luminaries attended, including Michael Stepanian, Gerald Goldstein, Albert Krieger and John DeLorean's attorney, Harold Weitzman.

The conference was overshadowed by a recently passed revision of the federal crime code that has led to alarming new tactics by dope-busting prosecutors. The defense counsellors at NORML's seminar were running scared.

Albert Krieger spoke at length of government interference in the attorney-client relationship. New regulations state that any payments by a client of over \$10,000 must be reported to the government. The Justice Department's new policy in drug cases is to put liens on all property that might have been used in criminal activity or gained by "dirty money."

Case in point: A client comes into a prospective lawyer's office, and the lawyer asks how his potential client is going to pay him. The client lays out a six-inch pile of cash. What happens if the lawyer foolishly accepts the cash? Maybe nothing. Or the government might be able to prove the money "tainted" but not prove the lawyer culpable. Or Manuel could turn state's evidence and testify against the lawyer. The lawyer must now say, "Manuel, I can't accept this cash because it may be tainted, since the government has liens on all your property, including your bicycle." Manuel asks what he should do. The lawyer tells him to borrow the money and then to pay him with the borrowed money.

Miraculously, Manuel is able to borrow the money. The pretrial motions, trial motions and summation to the jury all fail, and Manuel is convicted. The defense lawyer, as an officer of the court, is obligated to say to his client, "Manuel, you are coming up for sentencing and, under the new guidelines, the court

will consider your cooperation with the prosecutor—or lack of same—when determining the length of your stay in the government's facilities. In other words, if you don't turn snitch, they could give you up to 375 years."

Manuel thinks about it and decides that he doesn't believe in life extension. He says to his lawyer, "I think I want to speak to the prosecutor." The lawyer cannot say, "I don't handle informers, so get another attorney." He is an officer of the court and is impeding the court's work if he says such a thing.

Manuel says, "I've been through this before. I was sentenced to 30 years in '78. When resentencing came around in 120 days, it was reduced to time served plus six months."

The lawyer must tell him, "Judge Softee Feelgood was replaced by Hard-nose Tightass, and here's how resentencing now works. By law, a resentencing hearing can be held after 120 days only at the request of the prosecutor in return for cooperation with the government."

Krieger's assessment of these new government intrusions into the attorney-client relationship was indeed gloomy. The intent of these Big Brother regulations is clearly to try and drive the dope lawyers out of business along with their clients.

THE NEW Continuing Criminal Enterprise (CCE) law was a major subject of informal discussion and further cause for worry lines to appear on the faces of the assembled attorneys. This law is part of the revised federal criminal code. Under the old law, if a person sold three ounces to three narcs, there would be three counts of sale. Now, those charges would include CCE which carries much stiffer penalties than the charges at hand. It's an expansion on the RICO act.

The CCE is a way for the government to get someone even if that person does not make a sale to narcs. Instead, the cops can bust the targeted person for a series of buys. Let's say someone buys a

series of saleable quantities of a contraband drug. The government can go into court and claim CCE because this product was obviously purchased for resale. One case cited involved a narc who sold three pounds of coke to a dealer and then busted him. The buyer got 20 years and confiscation of all property.

MILTON BURGESS, a psychologist from Homestead, Florida, discussed the quality of testimony from alcoholics and chronic coke users, especially freebasers. He said that these people suffer from brain damage. Their memory has been so distorted and there are so many lapses in their recall that their capacity to differentiate truth from illusion must be severely questioned.

The process of filling in the lapses is called confabulation. The brain fills in illusory details by suggestion. Burgess described it as "not lying, but an attempt by a damaged brain to make sense out of an incomplete memory." Sequencing and the sense of time is distorted, memory is distorted and telescoped. These witnesses are easily schooled for testimony, since the apparent role of authority elicits a role response.

OTHER TOPICS ADDRESSED at the NORML conference included "Attacks on Informants," "Government Videotapes," "Combatting the Good Faith Exception" and "Creative Defense of Cultivation Cases." Audio tapes of these seminars are available for \$6 apiece (one seminar per tape) from Liberty Audio, 824 West Broad St., Richmond, VA 23220.

All in all, it was a pretty downbeat conference. The spirit of Big Brother hung like a dark cloud over the affair, as the nation's top drug law attorneys contemplated ways to combat the increasingly repressive antidope legislation sponsored by the Reagan administration. With that administration poised for four more years of repression, we can only hope that these lawyers can come up with a viable counteroffensive. If not, the coming years could be very bleak.

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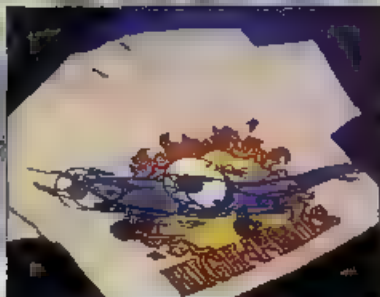
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All-American Roots Rock

by John Leland

ONE GOOD THING to have come out of the wave of patriotism currently sweeping the country is a resurgence of distinctly American music. American bands are casting off the British yoke and finding their inspiration in traditional native forms. From sea to shining sea, musicians are souping up their sound with injections of country, rockabilly and blues—the vibes that shook this country before Ed Sullivan even heard of the Beatles.

You can hear this in the proudly American music of Bruce Springsteen and John Cougar Mellencamp. But the action is purest on a grass roots level, where bands like the Blasters, Los Lobos, X, the Gun Club, the Del-Lords, the Del Fuegos, Rank and File and a barnload of other guitar slingers in flannel shirts are churning out roots-drenched, gut-bucket rock 'n' roll, and tackling the still unresolved legends and promises of the New World.

THEIR MUSIC is as exciting as anything out there. It's loud,

Flannel shirts, hot guitars and a concern for the common man mark this new/old music

Exene and John Doe of X. Photo by Ann Summa



Photo by Caroline Graystock

● *L.A.'s Los Lobos season their American rock with Mexican spice.*

it's raw, and it's powerfully emotional. It isn't fancy, and it's generally none too pretty. But the stripped-down roots rock is direct and honest as hell. Most of these bands sprung from the punk scene, and still adhere to punk's central tenet: wild, wide-open rock that has no truck with commercial polish. Which was itself a roots idea. Listening to the new roots bands at full tilt is like hearing Jerry Lee Lewis for the first time: there's something wonderfully *dangerous* about making so much untamed energy so explicit.

Their lyrics are populist, working-class stuff. In song after song by band after band, the roots rockers limn variations on the same archetypal American character. He's a poor, battle-scarred outsider who's been knocked from the flow of the mainstream, and who seeks redemption in (and not from) a world in which he is powerless and confused. For him, just getting up in the morning to face the day is a heroic act. This character comes straight from the blues tradition. Unlike other rock characters, he is neither rebellious nor guilt ridden; he accepts the hard life which he had no role in creating. He's the barfly from X's

The roots bands' lyrics confront adult problems: love, money and disillusionment.

"New World," who declares, "Honest to goodness, the bars weren't open this morning / They must've been voting for a new president or something," or the narrator of the Basters' "Common Man," who remarks, "Everyone says for better or worse / We get what we deserve."

WHILE THE PUNK groups raised a loud and largely unheeded cry for youth culture, the roots bands confront the adult world. The problems remain essentially the same: love, money and disillusionment. But rock as a youth phenomenon holds out the promise that these problems can, by consolidated effort, be blown away, or at least escaped. The message of the roots rockers is that the hardships of life will continue to repeat their patterns, that the situations that Hank Williams and Leadbelly sang about still obtain today. By invoking rather than rebelling against the past, these bands are acknowledging that the future holds no magical release. And so they sing about the struggle for dignity in a world in which poverty is ubiquitous, love falls apart, and drinking always leads ultimately to hangovers.

Like all good folk storytellers, the roots bands deal in myth. Their story is that of the unvanquished American character. Ironically, the most influential of these bands hail from in and around Los Angeles, the most ethnically diverse city in the country, where the myth of a singular national identity is least

/ continued on next page



• **Arto Lindsay** fuels *Envy* with Brazilian rhythms.

HIGH FIVES

Alternative Record Charts by John Leland

ALBUMS & EPs

1. **Various Artists**, *Greatest Beats* (Tommy Boy). Yeah, I know, a label sampler. But with Soulsonic Force, Jonzun Crew, Force M.D.'s and friends, possibly the coolest one in the history of the planet. Fade on this and you'll never be hip.
2. **Tommy Keene**, *Back Again* (Dolphin). **HIGH FIVES** takes you into summer with jangly pop from the New South. Don Dixon, Mitch Easter's righthand man, twiddled the dials.
3. **Jonzun Crew**, *Down to Earth* (Tommy Boy). Michael Jonzun's collaboration with Peter Wolf seems to have broadened his vision. There's still some hip-hop here, but the Crew gives up all kinds of funk.
4. **Guadalcanal Diary**, *Walking in the Shadow of the Big Man* (DB). Are these mothers just another band from GA? Maybe, but their smart, folksy pop—more of that stuff from the above-mentioned New South—makes it happen for me.
5. **Arto Lindsay/Ambitious Lovers**, *Envy* (Editions EG). The downtown artiste who deconstructed rock with no-wave progenitors. DNA puts it back together (sort of), and throws some Brazilian rhythms underfoot.

SINGLES

1. **Roxanne**, "The Real Roxanne" (Select). The fly femme who wouldn't give none to the Untouchable Force in last month's column explains why: "Me, the Rox, give up the box, so you can brag about it for the next six months?!"

2. **Time Zone**, "World Destruction" (Celluloid). Afrika Bambaataa and John Lydon rap, Bill Laswell produces, and Bernie Worrell ticks the electronic ivories. Nothing could live up to the promise of this collaboration. Sure enough, this ultra-dense groove doesn't, but it is the heaviest funk/metal hybrid since "Rock Box" and "Hardrock."
3. **Nolan Thomas**, "Yo! Little Brother" (Emergency). The preachy rap is a little L-seven, but there's a funkload of percussion in the mix.
4. **White Boy**, "Poker Chips" b/w "How Safe Are You?" (Doodley Squat). The tunes aren't much, and the fi is definitely low. But the psychotic rave-ups are super cool.
5. **Roxanne Shante**, "Roxanne's Revenge" (Pop Art). It's a fake. It's a phenomenon. This female is a fraud, but good funky fun.

HIGH FIVES Info

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Dolphin, P.O. Box 8744, Durham, NC 27707
DB, 432 Moreland Ave. NE, Atlanta, GA 30307
Editions EG, South Plainfield, NJ 07080
Select, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010
Celluloid, 48 W. 38 St., New York, NY 10018
Emergency, 915 Broadway, New York, NY 10010
Doodley Squat, 3007 Jennings Rd., Kensington, MD 20895
Pop Art, P.O. Box 15591, Philadelphia, PA 19131

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 plausible. But the myth is still powerful. Ronald Reagan used it as a rallying point to sweep an election.

WHICH BRINGS ME back to my first statement. The roots movement is a good manifestation of a bad trend. Good because these bands can rock your socks off. But underlying their championing of American music and American perseverance is the same nationalist zeal that gave us Ronald Reagan and Mary Lou Retton. (Ronzo even asked Springsteen to appear at an election campaign rally.) Both Reagan and the roots bands respond to the same crisis: nationalism is no longer a tenable world view. And in true reactionary fashion, they respond with rally-round-the-flag nationalism.

Not that these bands don't hate Reagan as much as any sensible working person. They reflect Reagan's rhetoric, not his policies. Springsteen rejected Ronzo's invitation, and the Del-Lords and X both openly lambast him. But the roots rockers are guilty of musical conservatism and xenophobia, two willfully unenlightened responses to the modern world. In "I Went Walking," Rank and File takes intolerant potshots at fashion trendies, and X roundly Brit-baits in the otherwise progressive "I Must Not Think Bad Thoughts." I just wish these bands could have delivered their populist message—and uplifting response to hard times—without loading it up with nationalism.

I'm afraid the roots rockers are fighting a losing battle. That music died once because it couldn't meet the challenge posed by dynamic, consumable pop music. But that doesn't mean the music wasn't great. It's still great. Every time my doubts set in, I just turn up the volume and blow them away with a wild tumult of guitar and drums. If the stuff isn't forward-thinking, at least it's hot. As the Blasters say:

*We got the Louisiana boogie
 and the Delta blues
 We got country swing and
 rockabilly too
 We got jazz, country western
 and Chicago blues
 It's the greatest music that
 you ever knew.*

Roots rock does make one irrefutable point: there's every reason to be proud of the American musical heritage.

Roots (cont.) Ten Voices of America

Photo by Allen Summa



● L.A.'s Rank and File

THE BLASTERS are the purest of these bands; they grew up dreaming of being Wobblies. They know the most about their source material and have the most genuine affection for their subject matter. If they keep improving at their present rate, they'll soon rule the world. Albums: *American Music*, 1980 (on Rollin' Rock—good luck finding it); *The Blasters*, 1981 (Slash); *Non Fiction*, 1983; *Hardline*, 1985 (Slash/Warner).

THE DEL FUEGOS are an elevated bar band with a dash of the Everly Brothers running through them. Rowdy stuff live, a little cooler on their *Longest Day* debut album, 1984 (Slash/Warner).

THE DEL-LORDS (named after the Three Stooges' director) are naive enough to think that New York City is a frontier, and also naive enough to want to help shape it. Their excellent debut is called *Frontier Days*, 1984 (EMI America).

JOHN FOGERTY, the man who practically invented roots rock, is back on the scene, with the same incredibly lean, direct swamp sound that made Creedence Clearwater Revival the most enduring

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By Mel Frank
and Ed Rosenthal

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Sitcoms' Neo-Con Kids

AS THE 1984-85 television season draws to a close, it's obvious that network programmers haven't yet figured out what to do about the

competition from VCRs and pay TV. What's harder to understand is why, as part of their defense, they've resurrected the tried (but never too true) genre of the family sitcom.

Out of about sixty regularly scheduled programs this year, approximately one-fourth focused on kids and their families. Most shows featured the new '80s brand of white middle-class kids: Valley Girls and preppies, computer wonks and nerds. By the time these stereotypes hit TV, they're yesterday's news, but they run through NBC shows like *Family Ties* and *It's Your Move* and CBS's *Charles in Charge* as shamelessly as the beatniks and bikers ran through *Dobie Gillis* and *Father Knows Best*.

In the '60s, TV family sitcoms featured the generation gap—repressive parents were forced to accept their children's independence. In the '70s, most kids on TV were embarrassingly precocious or naive innocents à la *The Brady Bunch*.

Eighties family shows turn the tables: parents are shown posing the great threat to family unity. Today's screen teens are more "adult." TV's typical teen attributes now include intolerance of nonconformity, selfishness and, above all, crass materialism.

THE GREEDIEST NEW KID was Matthew Burton (Jason Bateman), a high schooler on *It's Your Move*. Half



● Matthew Burton (Jason Bateman), star of *It's Your Move*.

Sergeant Bilko, half Eddie Haskell. Matthew's capacity for the con game was, perhaps, intended to remind us of Richard Nixon—the bogeyman lurking within the collective unconsciousness of Matthew's mother's generation.

But NBC determined, in mid-season, that *It's Your Move*'s disappointing ratings were partly caused by its adult audience's dislike of the Machiavellian Matthew. To give the producers time to make Matthew more vulnerable (and his mother more appropriately suspicious), the show was placed on hiatus. By late January, the show resurfaced in a new time slot with a "new" Matthew. But it still failed, and NBC canceled *It's Your Move* in late March.

JUSTINE BATEMAN, the real-life sister of Jason Bateman, plays

16-year-old daughter Mallory on *Family Ties*. This show came a full season earlier, however, and in many ways it's the best example of the new family sitcom.

Family Ties demonstrates what happens when TV tries to make the transition from one era (in which the assumption was that kids represented a bloc of latent liberals) to another (in which teenagers figure as the most avid of Republicans). The program bases many episodes on the gap between its kids' values and those of their parents. But the show's central joke grows out of the parents' hippie history. They've since attained the upper-middle-class affluence of most sitcom families, but counter-culture attitudes are still in place. These affect most of their interchanges with their children [typical exchange: "What's

/ continued on page 96

Today's TV kids are conservative, greedy know-it-alls who rebel against their hip parents.

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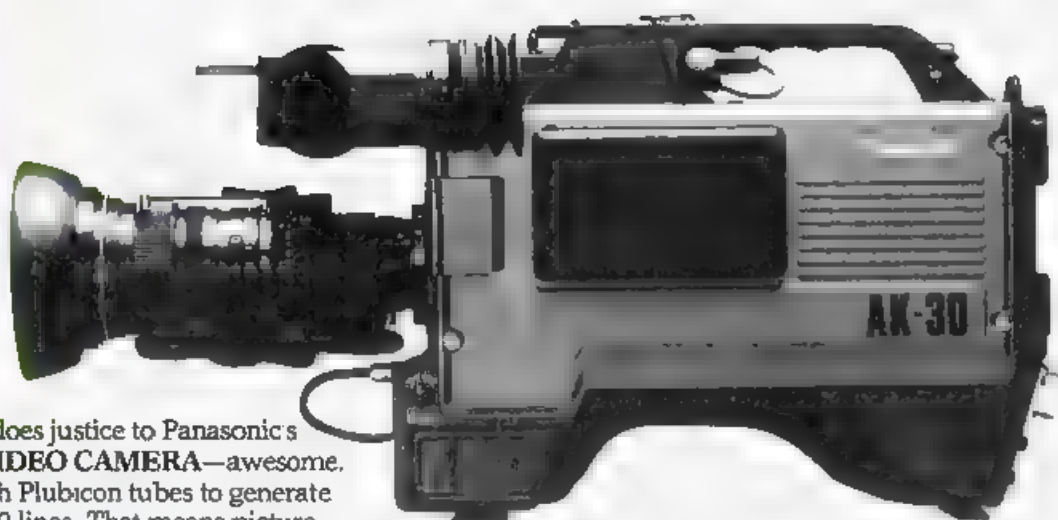
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While many high-tech items try to overwhelm you with dials, buttons, lights and gadgets, the Yamaha **CD-X1 COMPACT DISC PLAYER** adheres to the philosophy that simpler is better. That's a philosophy we like. The operation of the CD-X1 is remarkably streamlined and simple, yet the unit provides performance that is definitely state-of-the-art. It features a horizontal slide-out disc tray that reduces wear and tear on the discs and makes loading and unloading a snap. Other features of the CD-X1 are a lighted disc indicator, music search but-



tons that allow you to automatically jump ahead to the next cut, and memory buttons that enable you to immediately find your favorite cut. All in all, the CD-X1 is high tech with a heart—and sound that'll send you soaring.

Roots Rock

/ continued from page 87

band from the '60s. You can pick up most of their records on discount reissues. Worth your listening time, if not quite the ten hermetic years Fogerty spent on it, is his solo LP, *Centerfield*, 1985 (Warner).

THE GUN CLUB is a projection of Jeffrey Lee Pierce's ego, and, like fellow Angelenos the Doors, Gun Club's music shows the dark, evil side of the blues. I'd only recommend their twisted debut, *Fire of Love*, 1981 (Slash), on which Pierce claims to be "all dressed up like an Elvis from hell."

JASON AND THE SCORCHERS spoof the genre, with buckskin jackets and more corn than Nebraska. Country music's answer to the New York Dolls. *Reckless Country Soul* EP, 1982 (Praxis); *Fervor* EP, 1983; *Lost and Found*, 1985 (EMI America).

LOS LOBOS ("The Wolves") are norteño-wielding Mexicans from East L.A., and the coolest band ever to win a Grammy. Score the ... *And a Time to Dance* EP, 1983, and *How Will the Wolf Survive*, 1985 (Slash/Warner).

RANK AND FILE, a countrified offshoot of punk progenitors the Dils, are just in it for the pretty harmonies and melodies. But what harmonies and melodies! Vinyl: *Sundown*, 1983; *Long Gone Dead*, 1984 (Slash/Warner).

REM is as prone to acid imagery as to folk iconography. And for all their obtuseness, they tell their audience's story as much as their own, as a populist band should. *Chronic Town* EP, 1982; *Murmur*, 1983; *Reckoning*, 1984 (IRS).

X proves that even populist music can be pretentious, and that even pretentious music can rock your socks clean off. Marital turbulence has the band on hold, but they've chalked up four great albums full of wild guitar and poetry: *Los Angeles*, 1980; *Wild Gift*, 1981 (Slash); *Under the Big Black Sun*, 1982; *More Fun in the New World*, 1983 (Elektra). □

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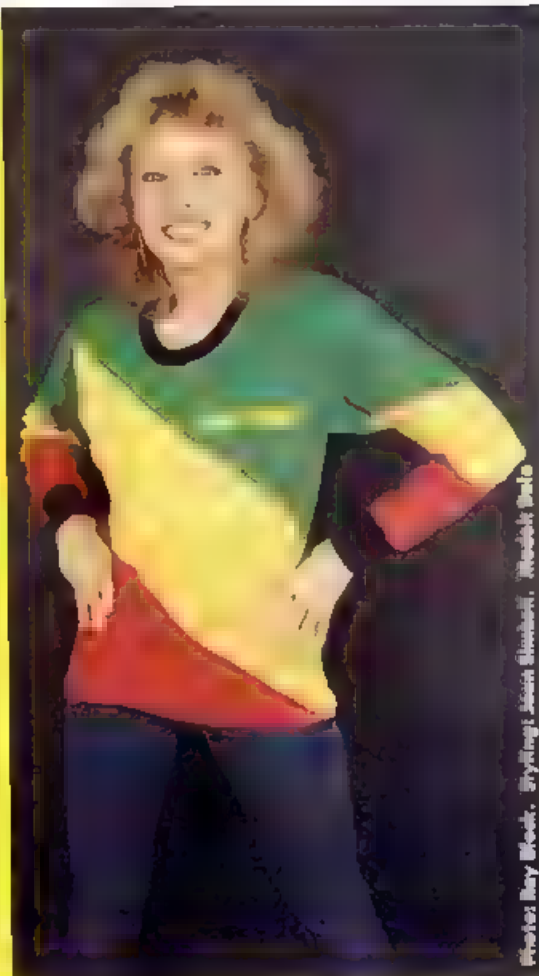


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The Son Also Rises

by Robert Seidenberg

RARELY DO TODAY'S young male actors attain success on their own terms. Childhood stars are nothing new, of course, but these days the Hollywood machine plucks out its young male performers before even their personalities have developed and molds them into teen heartthrobs who mean to represent youthful rebellion. Problem is, there's not much future in Dean/Brando re-treads.

Until last year, twenty-two year-old Emilio Estevez was cruising along this exact course at

breakneck speed. Fresh from his performance in *The Outsiders*, Francis Ford Coppola's portrait of Oklahoma's adolescent lost generation, Estevez starred in *Repo Man* as a high school punker tangled up in the topsy-turvy world of automobile repossession. In both movies, Estevez was young, restless and fearless—but deep down his heart was gold.

Suddenly last summer, however, Estevez veered off-course. In *The Breakfast Club* he played a goody-goody wrestling jock. Next he starred in the upcoming *St. Elmo's Fire* as

a law school student. And then he starred in and wrote the screenplay for *That Was Then, This Is Now*, based on the S.E. Hinton novel. Whether these activities—and the writing and directing Estevez plans for the future—establish him as a significant motion picture talent remains to be seen. But it looks very likely.

ESTEVEZ'S GREATEST ASSET may well be his piercing blue eyes. Like that of his father, actor Martin Sheen, his



● Emilio Estevez: a hotter star than his dad, Martin Sheen?

intense gaze penetrates the camera—and the audience—with the contained force of a laser beam. One moment the eyes frighten, and the next they uplift with a bright smile. Occasionally Estevez's eyes have been overexploited (In *Nightmares*, his character is transfixed by and obsessed with video games, and more than one-quarter of Estevez's scenes consist of close-ups of his entranced eyes.) But they do express an enormous range of emotions.

Estevez is more than just looks, however. He works hard at developing the characters he plays—even the rebellious youths. In *Repo Man*, for example, he commands attention with an original deadpan comic performance. At present he's working at broadening the range of those roles.

The first step was *The Breakfast Club*. Affectionately dubbed *The Little Chill*, the movie is about one day in the lives of five students in a suburban Chicago high school. The kids, gathered together for Saturday morning detention, are strangers at 7:00 A.M., but by 4:00 P.M. they have learned much about each other and themselves. Estevez plays Andy Clark, the school's star wrestler who expresses himself better with his body than his mouth. On the school's status structure totem pole, Andy's near the top. Only he doesn't think for himself; he does what his father, coach or friends tell him to do.

"I took the role of Andy because I never had a chance to play a jock or a model son before," recalls Estevez. "I've always played hoodlums. But Andy has a lot of turmoil. Everyone rides him. It's an intolerable burden. He really wants to break out but he's conditioned not to. If a wrestler lets down his defenses, he loses. So he can't and won't be vulnerable. People say they love Andy but they really don't. He's just a trophy they can show off."

Estevez's good looks and athletic build were perfect for Andy Clark, as was the "costume"—blue jeans, a varsity letterman jacket, blue Nike muscle shirt, sweatshirt and sneakers. But the young actor adds a lot more to the role, and his monologue is one of the movie's finest moments. As the students' defenses disintegrate, they reveal their deepest secrets, fears and hang-ups. When

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Screen Scene



● Gum-popping teenage runaway in *Streetwise* documentary.

● You never know what's going to inspire a film these days. It could be a book, a headline-making story, a magazine article (see next item), even a hit song. (Remember *Harper Valley P.T.A.*? *The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia*? *Take This Job and Shove It*?) Now comes a movie based on a board game. That's right—Paramount Pictures recently announced plans for a film version of *Clue*, the popular detective game featuring Colonel Mustard, Professor Plum and a handful of other whodunit suspects. Director John Landis (*Animal House*, *The Blues Brothers*, *Trading Places*) came up with the idea of a *Clue* movie, wrote a story, and Paramount gave the go-ahead for the big-budget comedy-mystery. Exec producers will be Peter Guber and Jon Peters (the production team responsible for *Flashdance*), along with Landis and his partner George Folsey, Jr. Oddly enough, Landis will not direct the film. That task falls to Brit director Jonathan Lynn. Look for the film to be Paramount's Christmas '85 blockbuster.

● Speaking of films coming from unexpected places, a *Life* magazine article on teenage streetkids in Seattle has spawned a feature-length doc-

umentary called *Streetwise*. Writer Cheryl McCall and photographer Mary Ellen Mark collaborated on the mag article, called "Streets of the Lost." The two became so involved with the kids they chronicled—abandoned kids, runaway teens, child abuse victims—they decided a magazine piece was not enough to tell their story. They raised initial funding from Willie Nelson and his wife, returned to Seattle and captured the kids on film. The result is an intense, moving and surprisingly humorous account of adolescents living on the edge. *Streetwise* has been nominated for—and by the time you read this may have won—an Oscar as Best Documentary. The film opens nationwide this month.

● Chong without Cheech? Well, not really. The Oriental half of the doped-up duo is directing his first non-Cheech and Chong project, a wacky comedy—no surprise there—called *Defective Detectives*. The film stars Lorin Dreyfuss and David Landsberg, who also penned the screenplay. Hmmmm... could they be the Cheech and Chong of the '80s? Somehow, Dreyfuss and Landsberg just doesn't have the same ring to it...

—David Harrison

Big Malls for Small Minds

by Laura Cottingham

■ *The Malling of America*, William Severin Kowinski (New York: William Morrow & Co., 1985). 411 pages, \$17.95

WHILE TRYING to explain my whereabouts recently—I was outside Philadelphia—I told a friend that I was near Valley Forge. That meant nothing to her; she didn't know anything about George Washington camping out there with his troops during the Revolutionary War. But she did recognize, and had visited, another tourist attraction within the vicinity: the King of Prussia Mall.

Shopping has become the cultural pastime of Americans, and malls command living landmark status. That the shopping mall whitewashes history—supplanting historical evidence by replacing towns and reinventing them with Disneyland-like interior displays—is one theme of William Kowinski's *The Malling of America*.

Written in a journalistic, first-person style and based on two years of mall-hopping, *Malling* documents some of America's major mall complexes, including Greensburg, Pennsylvania's Greengate (the author's hometown mall), Edina, Minnesota's Southdale Center (Bob Dylan's hometown mall); Washington, D.C.'s Landover Mall; Houston's Galleria; Los Angeles' Topanga Plaza; Chicago's Water Tower Place; and more. If you've been to a few American malls, at least one of your experiences is covered in this book. *Malling* includes such extensive facts, figures and details of so many malls that a special edition of Trivial Pursuit could be culled from its pages.

BUT DESPITE so many distinguishing details, malls remain more alike than different. Sure, some have Sears and others have Saks, some offer water fountains, others present sleek glass elevators. But, according to Kowinski, most shopping centers are constructed and operated under one guiding principle: control the environment to effect the maximum level of consumption.

Kowinski notes that most malls have no clocks—they don't want shoppers distracted by the beckoning of responsibility knowing the time provokes. If you see a clock, you might remember an obligation to pick up your daughter from school, call the plumber, watch a soap opera or do your homework. Malls aim to keep the shopper distracted from life's responsibilities: the better to get you to use your credit card, my dear.

Malls eliminate the weather along with the time. Shoppers needn't worry—or even know about—rain, snow or sleet. Separated from time and the elements—and world events, for that matter—

the mall is free to construct any world it wants to because the outside world has been eliminated.

"The mall is kept squeaky clean," Kowinski observes, "the stores bright, the greenery fresh—or at least those are the management's goals. The effect is one of almost unreal perfection." The semblance of perfection must be successful—there are more shopping centers in the United States than movie theaters. Movies, like malls, sell fantasies. But popcorn and candy are all that's for sale at a movie theater—and they don't even give out shopping bags.

OF COURSE, MALLS are a link between fantasy and financial profit. One wonders if malls could even exist without movies, television and advertising. Where would anyone acquire a desire for Hello Kitty pencils, Strawberry Shortcake motif plates, Sergio Valente jeans, Swatch watches or any of the numerous brandname frivolities malls specialize in? Those aren't exactly the needs we were born with.



● "Awesome" Fox Hills Mall in Culver City, California.

Photo by Gruen Associates

For Americans brainwashed by TV and hooked on consumer goods, the mall is the place to go.

"The shopping malls' magic," Kowinski observes, "its transformative power, simply would not have been possible without that other new element of postwar America: television... The major news that TV brought was about all the neat stuff there was to buy." Developers build malls at highway intersections—suburbanites can turn off the TV, jump in a car and soon find themselves just a charge card away from Cyndi Lauper-like clothes and sofas just like the ones they sit on in *Dynasty*.

KOWINSKI THINKS people like malls because they're safe, and—if this is a reason—because there's nowhere else to go. The manicured lawns and single-family homes of suburbia were built as refuges from the city. Teenagers, old people and housewives go to malls because all those well-tended lawns don't offer much entertainment. Basically, *something* was bound to be built to break suburbia's bleakness. But why is that *something* a shopping center?

Kowinski interviews mall managers, assorted mall shoppers and various mall clerks. He reports varying levels of satisfaction. Disturbed by the projected development of a mall in his community, one D.C. suburbanite said it bothered him "that a big corporation can come here and do as it pleases." While some citizens see malls as threatening to their quality of life and control over their community, that disdain usually only surfaces among residents whose backyards might be turned into a Sears parking lot. To most suburbanites, the mall—like highways and television—is simply a fact of life.

In one chapter, Kowinski describes some of the reported negative effects malls cause their inhabitants—nausea, dizziness, alienation—referred to collectively as the Zombie Effect. "Suddenly, I just stood and looked around," a young man said, "I saw all the people and what we were all doing there, what we were spending our day doing, and I suddenly just couldn't wait to get out. I was in a plastic place with plastic people buying plastic products with plastic cards I had to escape."

But where do you go when there's nowhere else to go? Kowinski doesn't say. □

Estevez

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begins to confess his paternal problems almost apologetically, and builds to a burst of anger and resentment, screaming and crying, "It's all because of my old man. He says, 'I won't tolerate any losers in this family.' I fucking hate him."

IN *ST. ELMO'S FIRE*, Estevez has literally grown up; for the first time in his film career his character is not in high school. Like *The Breakfast Club*, this film—set for August release—is an ensemble piece. It's about a tightly-knit group of recent college graduates in Washington, D.C. who are about to enter the real world. Estevez plays Kirbo Kreager, a part-time waiter and law student whose resurrected infatuation with a former fellow student threatens to get in the way of his planned legal career.

And although he's back in high school in the leading role in *That Was Then, This Is Now*, Estevez has added screenwriting—and (uncredited) production—to his resume. Three years ago he read the novel and bought the screenplay rights. He then wrote a script for the film, but because other filmed S.E. Hinton books (*The Outsiders*, *Rumble Fish*) fared poorly at the box office, the major studios weren't interested. Last year Estevez was about to give up on the project when a group of St. Paul-based backers contributed the \$5,000 needed to renew the option. And earlier this year, director Chris (*The Stone Boy*) Cain completed the film, which should be out by the end of 1985.

BORN IN MANHATTAN and raised in Los Angeles, Estevez was exposed to the world of film at an early age through his father. During junior high school he performed in school productions and also wrote short stories, poems and plays. But in high school he shifted his focus to soccer and track-and-field. Before graduation, however, he realized there was more of a future in cinema than athletics and decided to concentrate on an acting career.

"I knew I had an ability to perform from an early age," says Estevez, "to really excel at it. So I began taking acting seriously and started

auditioning."

The day Estevez graduated from high school he landed his first professional job, on the television teen age special *Seventeen Going on Nowhere*, in which he played, for the first-but-not-last time, a troubled youth. A year later in *Tex* he roared into the movie world on a motorcycle. Next was an acclaimed performance in *The Outsiders* as Two-Bit Matthews, a boisterous, leather-jacketed, long-sideburned greaser from the wrong side of the tracks. And then came *Nightmares*, a little-seen horror-story compilation, and last year's cult hit *Repo Man*.

For *Repo Man* Estevez's light-colored hair was shaved close to his scalp. And as Otto, a typical L.A. punk, he wore a dangling cross earring and proudly strutted his defiance. Working as a supermarket stock boy early in the film, he tells his boss to fuck off, pushes a fellow worker into a stack of canned food and dares a security officer to shoot him. It is just the beginning of Otto's causeless rebellion. And it is merely the first of Estevez's many bravura scenes.

BECAUSE THE FILM gives him plenty of room to move, *Repo Man* is Estevez's strongest performance to date. Within this cartoony movie, he transformed what could have been a one-dimensional character into a believable, complex personality—as likeable as he is obnoxious. The film illustrates Estevez's ability to take a written role and run with it, make it come alive. And the opportunity to do that is what Estevez seems to thrive on.

"Acting gives you the license to be crazy," Estevez once remarked. "By that, I mean I can portray a range of characters. I can be a doctor, a hoodlum, an athlete or whatever. The possibilities are endless." And in real life Estevez is just beginning to stretch the limits of those possibilities. (He is currently shopping around for an original screenplay which he hopes to direct under the tutelage of an established filmmaker.) He has already discovered what scores of young male actors before him realized—that bridging the gap between teen star and respected film talent can be treacherous. But at age twenty-two, Emilio Estevez's impressive accomplishments portend a successful future. □

TV Kids

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for dinner, Mom?" asks 12-year-old Jennifer Elise responds, "Soybean and heart-of-palm casserole," and her daughter whines back, "Again?"

Like their counterparts on *Silver Spoons* (in which the father plays with toys while his son works at his computer) and *Charles in Charge* (in which the parents relinquish the primary tasks of child-rearing to a college boy), the parents in *Family Ties* are more conventionally child-like than their kids.

Of the kids on *Family Ties*, the oldest boy, Alex, is the most ideologically opposed to his parents. A highly verbal reactionary, Alex often demands that his parents be less permissive, more iron-fisted in their child-raising. With a portrait of Nixon on his nightstand, and supply-side economist Milton Friedman as his greatest living hero,

Alex is also the first TV teenager in recent memory to have read some books—but look what he's reading!

FAMILY TIES premiered in the same season as the lamented and short-lived *Square Pegs*, which attempted to depict "real" adolescence. Parents made few appearances, but its central characters complained about them incessantly.

Once, in a painfully memorable scene, the lead kid took a ride with her recently divorced father—who was played, in keeping with *Square Pegs'* tongue-in-cheek humor, by Wally Cleaver himself, Tony Dow. Daughter and father had absolutely nothing to say to each other. This scene was so lifelike, it hurt, it was meant to be funny, I think, but it was really pathetic. *Square Pegs* didn't succeed. *Family Ties* did because it never took itself too seriously.

ONE FAMILY that doesn't fit the

format is the Huxtable family on NBC's *The Cosby Show*. In terms of authenticity and general aesthetics, *The Cosby Show* soars high above the rest. Because of the inventiveness of Bill Cosby, the show hasn't permitted any clichés or the new kid stereotypes. That may also be related to the fact that none of the prevailing kid types easily admit blacks. Until *The Cosby Show*, the only black teenagers regularly on TV had been breakdancers, thugs on the cop shows and janitors on *St. Elsewhere*. By concentrating more on portraying a black family than trying to second-guess the social values of its audience, *The Cosby Show* raises larger questions, those of race and economic class.

Family Ties opens with a painter's hand putting the finishing touches on a family portrait. In a sense, that shot speaks for all the new kid shows: TV is helping to create a new image for the white middle-class family. □

VideoVision

● Ze Records has come up with the perfect answer for folks who have been complaining about how lame most rock videos are. Ze's idea? Do it yourself! Rather than create a video for ex-Velvet Undergrounder John Cale's new single "Never Give Up," Ze is sponsoring a contest to get a novice video artist to do the job. If you're interested—and if you're a loyal HIGH TIMES reader who bought this issue as soon as it hit the stands—you can still enter. Videos must be received by Ze Records (850 Seventh Ave., New York, NY 10019) by May 1. Judging the tapes will be Andy Warhol, film director Jonathan Demme and rock videomaker Scott Millaney. Top prize is \$500, and the winning video will be aired on MTV.

● Be on the lookout for a new Doors videotape, *Dance on Fire*, due to hit the stores any day now. It sounds like the definitive Doors video package, including a live performance of "The End," the promo clip for "The Unknown Soldier"

(one of the early prototypes for today's "concept" videos) and lots of behind-the-scenes goodies. *Dance on Fire* was culled from over 400 hours of material in The Doors' personal archives. Those who didn't get to see Jim Morrison during his short but stunning time on the rock scene should not miss this tape.



● John Cale needs director.

● *Miami Vice* update: The cops 'n' dopers show we raved about back in February went on to become the most publicized show of the '84-'85 TV season. The show is so popular on the rock scene—and so influential in promoting rock music—that it's being deluged with tapes from established rockers who want their music aired on the "MTV detective show." "We're not in the business of breaking hit singles," gripes the show's producer. "We select our soundtrack based on songs we think fit in with the theme of a particular episode. But we're being hounded by record companies who want their artists' songs played on our show." That problem is small potatoes compared with *Vice's* biggest headache: how to score high ratings against the blockbuster competition from *Dallas*. In spite of sagging numbers, the show was readily picked up by NBC and will be back next season. It may, however, be moved to a new night to avoid the *Dallas* deluge and to attract young viewers who don't stay home and watch TV on Friday nights.

—David Harrison

Student Searches Are Unjust!

by Everardo McFarlane

HOW WOULD you feel if you were searched by a public official and could not do anything about it? Well, thirty girls in a Mississippi elementary school were subjected to a strip search to find out who might have left a soiled sanitary napkin on the floor of a rest room. Also, in an unrelated case, some elementary school students were forced to remove their underwear in search of a missing ten dollar bill. These incidents may sound outrageous or unbelievable to you, but searches like these happen often in our nation's schools.

School officials often show a lack of guidance and common sense when determining whether to search students. The Board of Education still feels that these officials need more leeway in conducting searches. The targets of these unreasonable actions are the students, and no concrete steps are being taken to protect them. As a student myself, I feel that these actions show a lack of respect for students. School administrators are telling every student that he or she is less of a person and therefore does not get the same rights as every other citizen.

THIS ISSUE has been brought to the attention of the Supreme Court, and the Court seems to agree with this way of thinking. The Court's decision approved a new law that could change the guidelines school officials must follow before conducting a search. The old

guidelines revolved around the Fourth Amendment rights to privacy. Under the Fourth Amendment, a school official may properly conduct a search of a student's person if the official has a reasonable suspicion that a crime has been or is in the process of being committed, or reasonable cause to believe that the search is necessary to maintain school discipline or enforce school policies. Also, school officials must take other things into account before conducting a search, such as the student's age, sex, background and the seriousness of the issue. Now, due to the Supreme Court's 6-3 vote, school officials need only have "reasonable suspicion."

I feel that the Court's decision was unjust. Not all school officials do a very good job of determining what is reasonable—which is obvious from the cases that I mentioned in the first paragraph.

School officials feel that this new change in procedure will aid them in restoring a proper learning environment. According to Board of Education officials, drugs and violence in our schools have reached intolerable proportions, therefore proper steps have to be taken. School administrators seem to believe that putting undercover cops in the schools, combined with this new change in searching procedures, is a proper step. I don't feel that this is either proper or necessary.

SURE, MANY SCHOOLS are having prob-

lems coping with drugs and violence. But I don't think that in any school the problems are so large that they must result in limiting the rights of all students, or assigning permanent stake-outs by undercover cops. There is more of a problem in our nation's streets than in our schools. The police department should be putting these cops on the street, to try to stop the problems at the source. If there are so many drugs in our schools, why not bust the big dealers the students buy their drugs from, instead of putting four or five cops in a school to bust some kid selling loose joints? I'm not saying to forget about the drug problem in our schools. But I feel that more reasonable steps can be taken, such as using the same money to hire drug counselors to teach drug awareness classes or rehabilitation sessions.

The Board of Education should take a good look at the new Court ruling and the resulting on-campus tactics and decide if they are really fair to students.

Everardo McFarlane is a 17-year-old high school senior who works as a youth advocate for student civil liberties. □

HIGH TIMES wants to know what you think about the issues that concern us all. Send your opinionated essay to "Sound Off," HIGH TIMES, 17 W. 60th St., New York, NY 10023. All submissions should be 600-700 words typed, with a self-addressed, stamped envelope enclosed if you want your essay returned.

SOUND OFF

COMING IN JUNE

DRUGS IN SPORTS: The NFL, NBA, NCAA and Major League Baseball are all being forced to confront a problem that could cripple big-time sports: athletes on dope. Our hard-hitting report gives you the inside scoop on stoned sports stars. You'll never watch a game the same way again.

ROCK IN RIO: The age of the mammoth rock festival is not dead! A million and a half people flocked to Brazil for ten days of music, mirth and madness. Brazilian cops even decriminalized grass for the festival! Even if you didn't make it, you'll feel like you were there when you dig out

wild words and photo report on the reincarnation of the Woodstock spirit.

CALIFORNIA'S WAR AGAINST POT: Paramilitary cops in Apocalypse Now 'copters are running amok in Northern California, terrorizing innocent people in an effort to eradicate the area's pot crop. The terrifying stories you'll read sound like fiction, but they're even more scary because they're true.

PLUS: A profile of Werner Herzog, the provocative German filmmaker for whom "films are more important than life"; an inside look at East L.A.'s "El Barrio"; and a tour of Amsterdam's "pot coffeehouses."

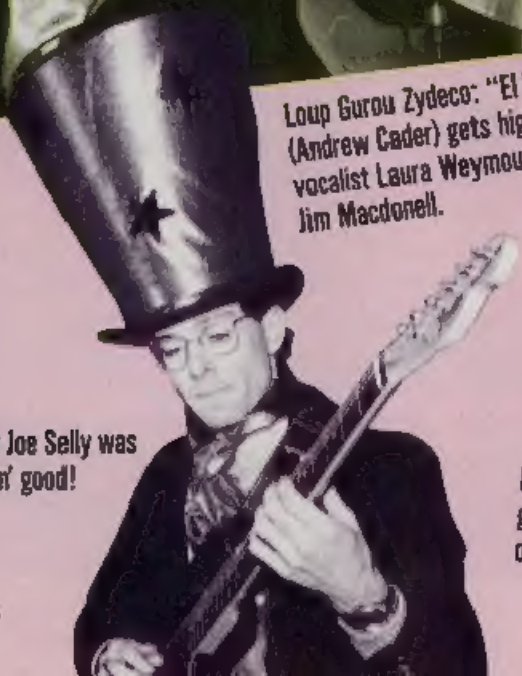
Partying Shot

To celebrate the first issue of the new **HIGH TIMES**, our fun-loving staff threw the first annual **HIGH TIMES Neo-Mardi Gras Ball** at Danceteria, New York's ultimate hot spot. Some 600 **HIGH TIMES** revelers showed up to caper at the rowdy bash, and all had a good time fueled by a free bar, some mysterious goodies, and the exhilarating Cajun music of the **Loup Gurou Zydeco Band**. Generations of heads met and mingled—from Yippie honcho Aaron Kaye to new wave popster Laurie Anderson—and everyone who attended claimed it was the best party of their lives.



Loup Gurou Zydeco: "El Pantalones" (Andrew Cader) gets higher with help from vocalist Laura Weymouth and accordionist Jim Macdonell.

Mad Hatter Joe Selly was finger-pickin' good!



Editor-in-chief John Howell gives crowd the word from on high.





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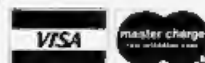
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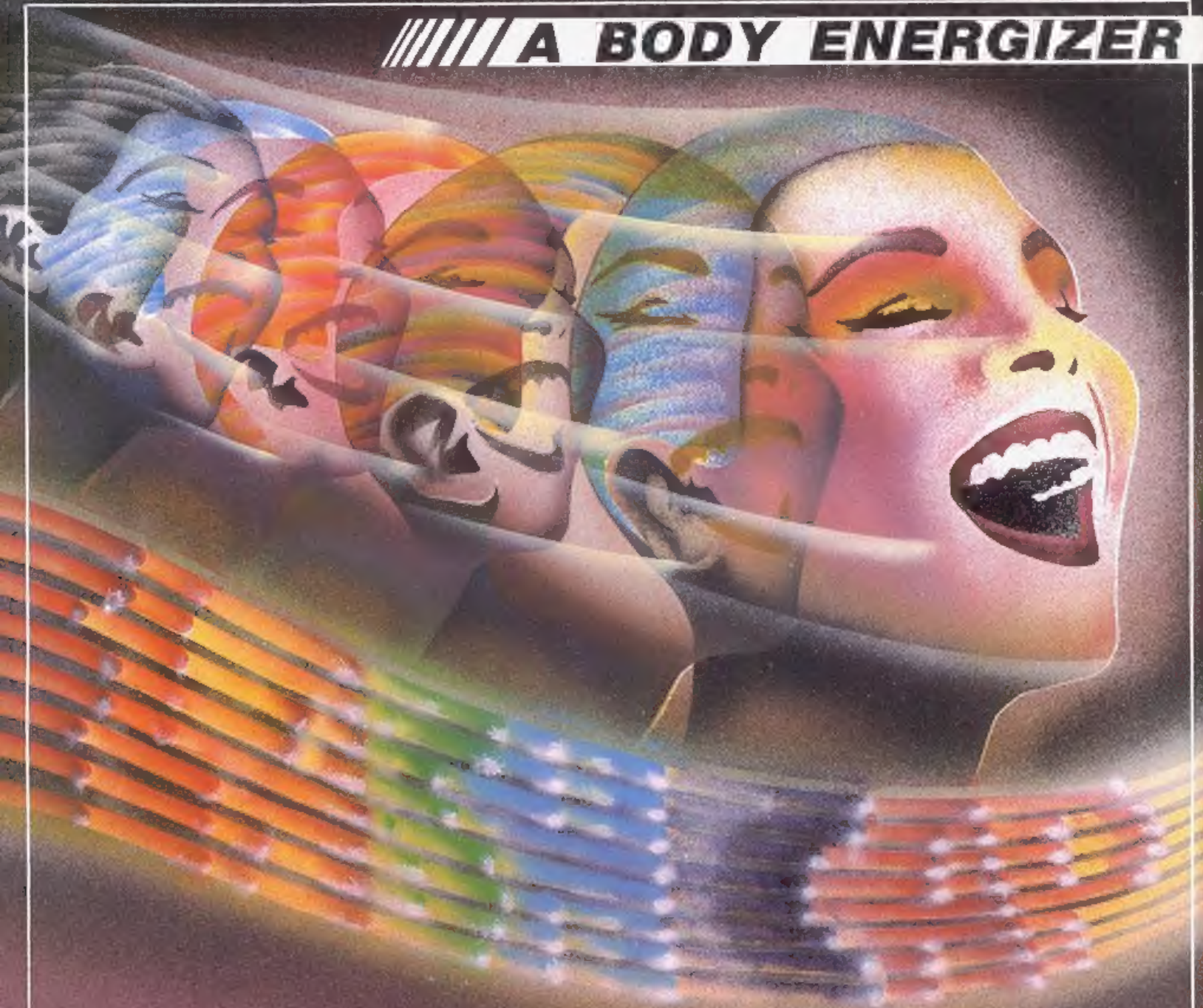


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